

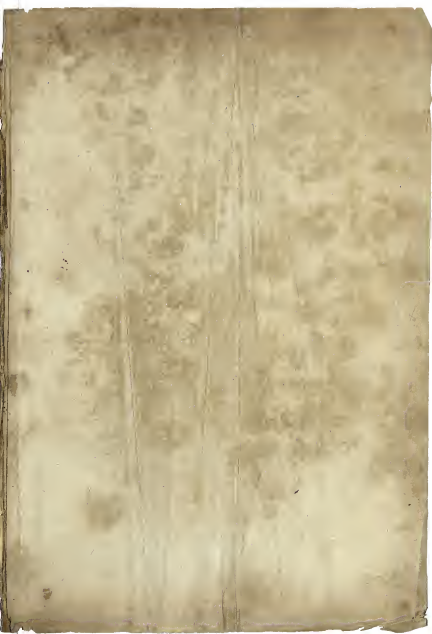


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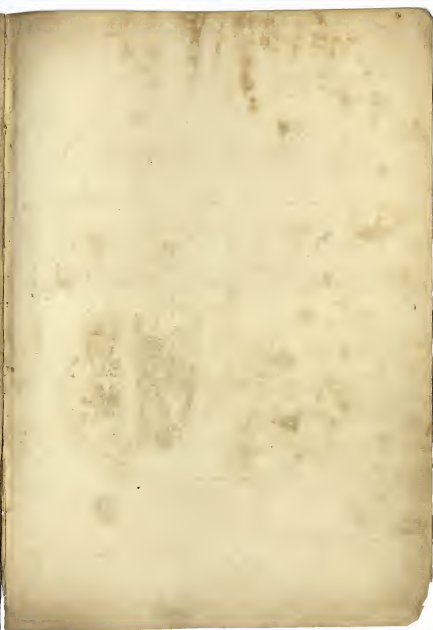
Alfred P. Harris

from his affectionate  
Wife

April 8<sup>th</sup> 1864









A  
*Curious Collection,*  
— OF —  
SCOTS TUNES  
*with Variations for the*  
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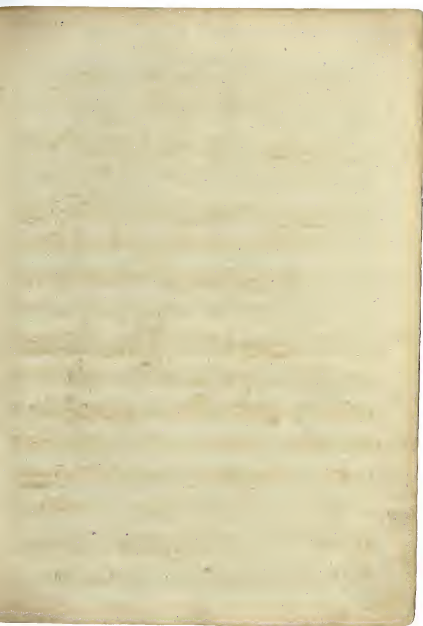
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*Printed & Sold by L. DING, N<sup>o</sup> 4 Parliament-Square.*

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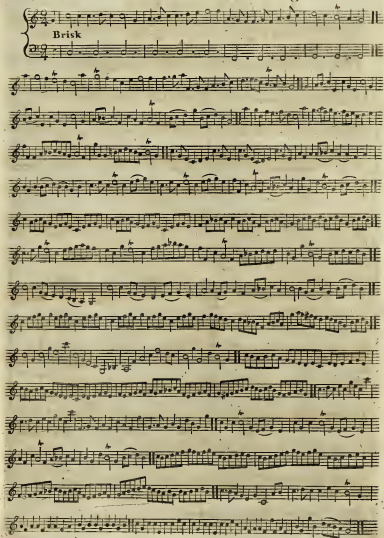
## Up in the Morning Early

by a Lady

Slow

# Old Sir Simon the King

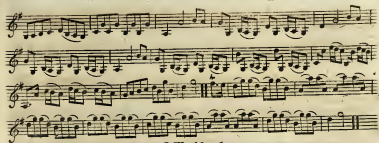
3



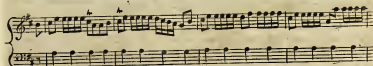
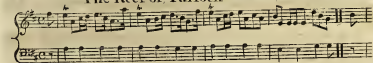
## O'er the Moor to Moggye

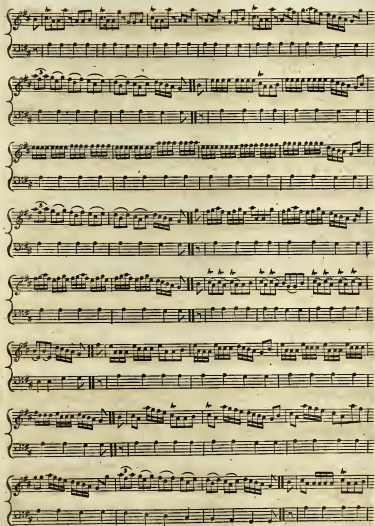
Brisk

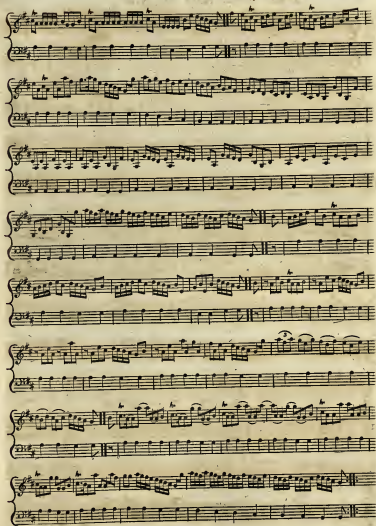
A musical score for a piece titled "O'er the Moor to Moggye". The score is written on 12 staves. The first two staves are a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, with the word "Brisk" written below the bass staff. The remaining 10 staves are single treble clef staves. The music is in 2/4 time, indicated by the "Brisk" tempo marking and the note values. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the melody is written in the treble clef. The score features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are several repeat signs (double bar lines with dots) throughout the piece. The paper is aged and slightly discolored.



The Reel of Tulloch





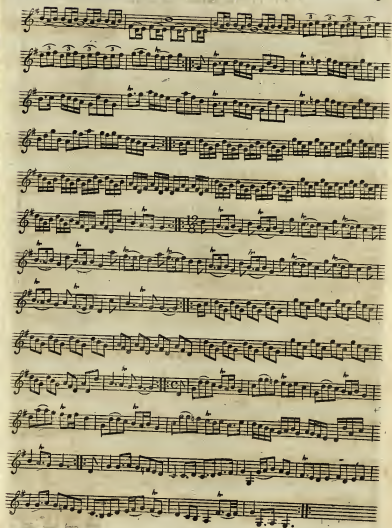


## John come Kifs me now

Slow

A handwritten musical score on aged paper, featuring ten staves of music. The first two staves are a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, marked 'Slow'. The subsequent eight staves are single staves with a treble clef. The music is written in a historical style with various note values, rests, and bar lines. The paper shows signs of age, including discoloration and some wear at the edges.

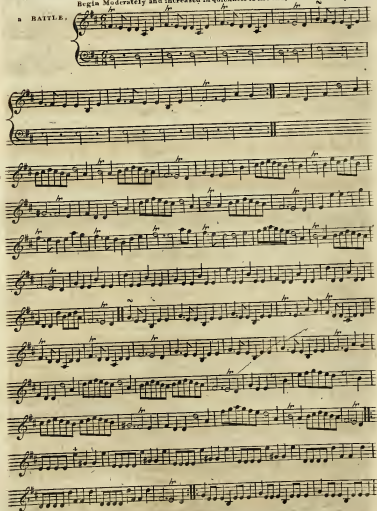


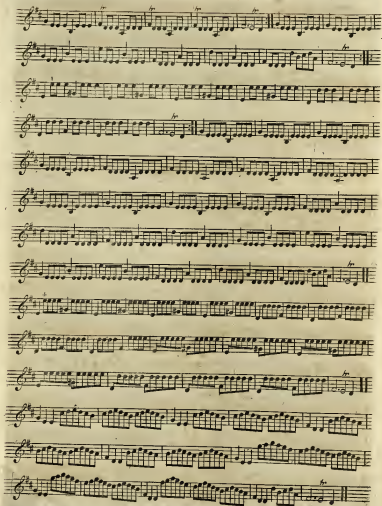


## The Horse-man's Port.

Begin Moderately and increased in quickness to the end, As the Tune represents

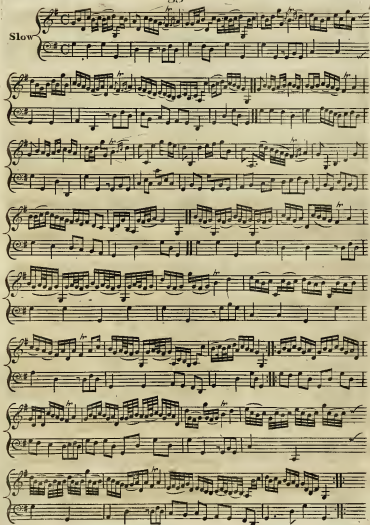
BATTLE.





## New Maggie Lauder.

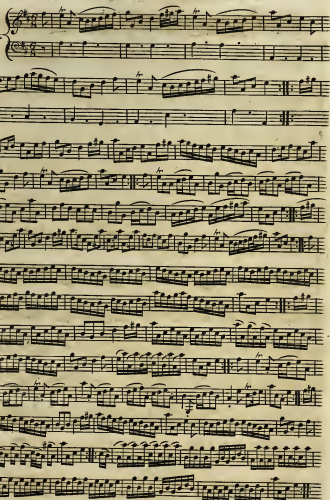
Slow




# Hit her on the Bum:

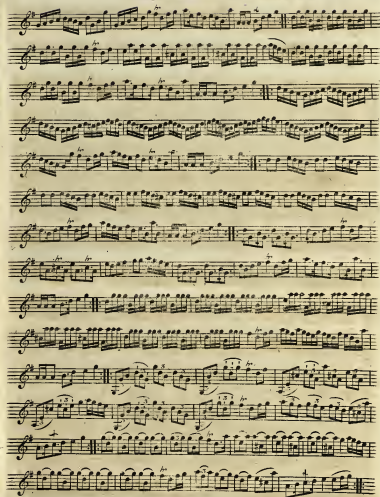
13

Brisk



NB! such Notes as are marked with a dot thus  may be sounded with a finger of the left hand without the Bow.



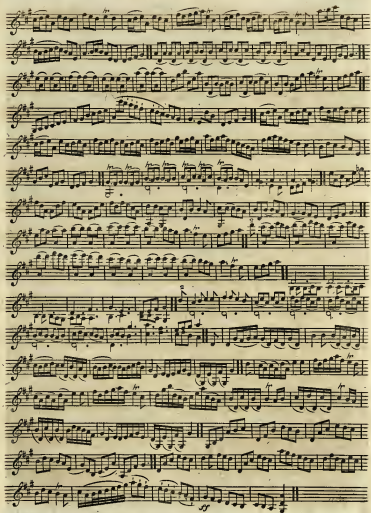


## Black Jock

Scordatura  $\sharp$

$\sharp$  NB: the Notes under Scordatura show that the two Back Strings are tun'd a Note higher than usual.





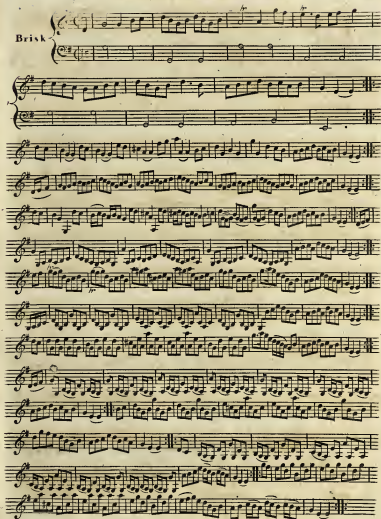
## Donald Butcher's Bridal.

Slow

The musical score is written for piano and consists of 12 staves. The first two staves are grouped together with a brace and the word 'Slow' written to the left. The music is in 2/4 time and G major. The melody is played in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The score features a variety of musical notations, including eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

# The East Nook of Fife.

Brisk

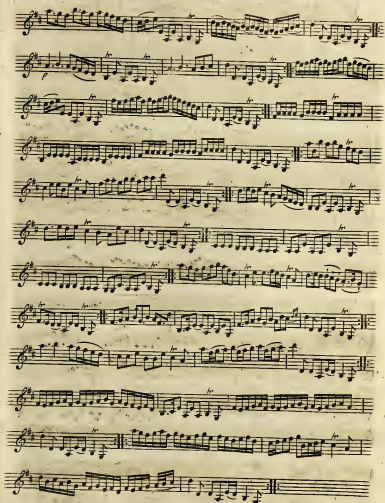


## The Malt-man comes on Monday

Scoredatura<sup>tr</sup>

The musical score is written for a string quartet, consisting of two staves for each of the four parts (Violin I, Violin II, Viola, and Cello/Double Bass). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. The notation includes various musical symbols such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests. The piece is marked with a 'tr' (trill) symbol above several notes. The score is arranged in four systems, each with two staves. The first system starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second system continues the melody. The third system introduces a more complex rhythmic pattern with sixteenth notes. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final cadence.

tr Only the 4<sup>th</sup> String a Note higher.



# Will you go to Flanders

Moderately Quick

The musical score is written for piano on eight systems of grand staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderately Quick'. The score begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a bass line in the bass clef. The piece features a variety of musical textures, including single-note melodies, chords, and dense sixteenth-note passages. There are several dynamic markings, including 'f' (forte) and 'ff' (fortissimo). The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.



# Braes of Luchterlyn

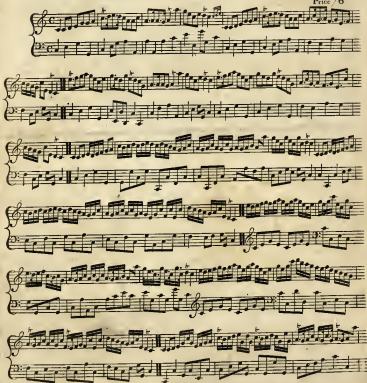
With Variations Adapted to the PIANO-FORTE &c.

BY A

Young Lady

Printed & Sold by J. BRYSSON Music Seller Edin<sup>g</sup>

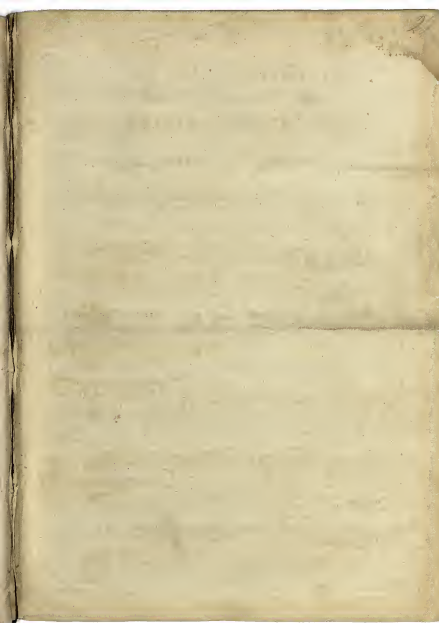
Price 6











## DELVEN HOUSE

Composed (in Imitation of Irish) and Dedicated to

M<sup>RS</sup> MUIR M<sup>C</sup> KINZIE

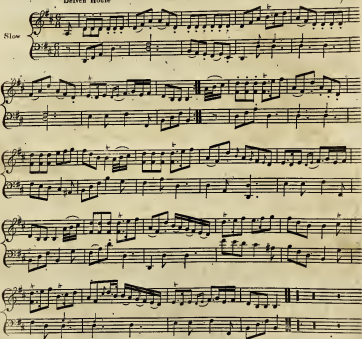
By

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## Delven House

Pr. 1/

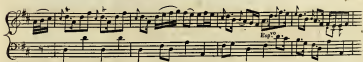
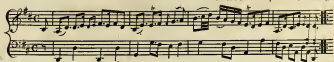


MISS M<sup>C</sup> LEOD of Colbeck's Strathpey.

2

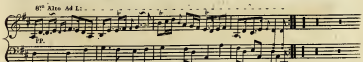
As Danced at the Opera house by Hobbrough

Slow



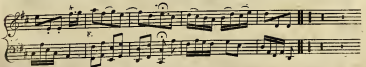
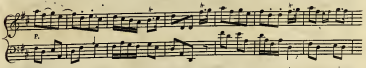
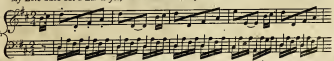
8<sup>th</sup> Alto Ad Lib.

pp.

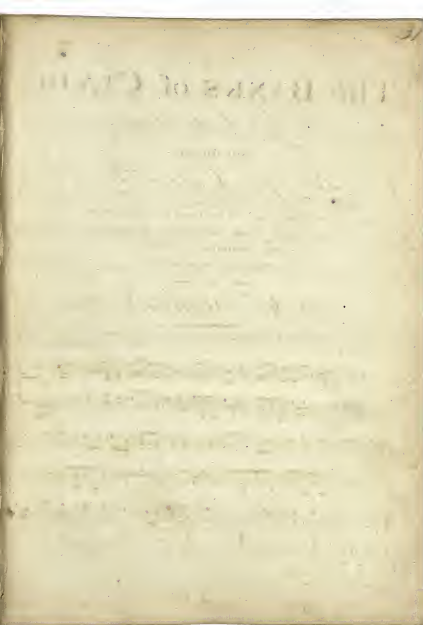


My Love She's bitt a Lâine yet, as Performed at the Royal Edin<sup>g</sup> Volunteers Concert.

Slower







# The BANKS of CLYDE

*A Scots Song*

Set for the

*Voice, Piano-forte, Guitar, Flute, or Violin*

To the Ladies and Gentlemen in the Upper and Nether ward of Clyde.

this Song is Humbly Dedicated by the Author

JOHN HAMILTON of LANARK.

The Harmony Symphony &c.

By

*W. Watten*

Entered in Stationers Hall

Price / 6<sup>d</sup>

EDINB. Printed & Sold by J. WATLEN, 34, North Bridge, & N<sup>o</sup> 1, Charlotte Row Long Lane Southwark London. where may be had, all the Scots Music. Instruments Bought & Sold &c. &c.

*Lively*

*Little flower*

Sy My Love is

gone and left me, un... to the raging Sea. He's gone to fight his Enemies re-gard his of

me. His King and Country call's him he wou'd no longer bide, and has left me for to

The musical score is written for a single melodic instrument (treble clef) and piano accompaniment (bass clef). It is in 4/4 time and G major (one sharp). The melody is a simple, folk-like tune. The piano part provides a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are written below the piano part.



## Little flower

Mourn on the Banks of the Clyde. But had my dearest Jockie but know as I did  
Love, He never would have left me up on the Main to Rove, O ye kind powers do  
send him and o'er his Life preside, And send him safely Back un to the  
Banks of the Clyde. Sy'

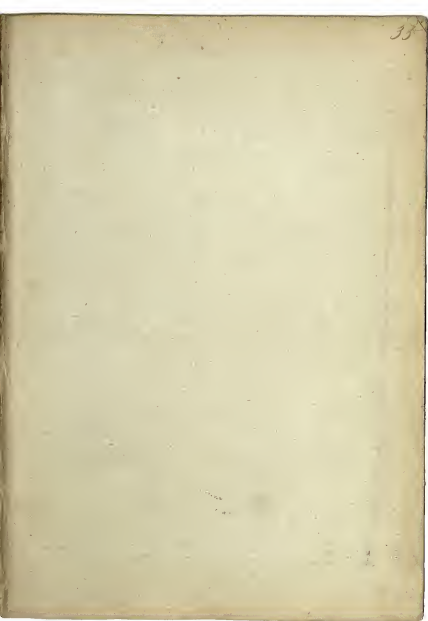
## (2)

Among the Birken I'll wander along the water Edge,  
And speak of my Dear Jockie unto each Bush and Hedge,  
To th' places where we Haunted my secrets I'll Confide,  
In the absence of my Love, on the Banks of the Clyde;  
Ye Coöing Doves and Blackbirds come lend your warbling Strains,  
To sing my Jockies praises till he Return again,  
For Jockie he is Vallant, kind Neptune be his Guide,  
And send him Crown'd with Laurels to the Banks of the Clyde.

## (3)

But if in heat of Battle, my Lover he be slain,  
Then I a Virgin widow for ever will remain!  
All for the sake of Jockie my joy and all my pride,  
For a sweeter youth ne'er was on the Banks of the Clyde;  
But come fond Hope support me for I'll depend on you,  
Theres some that doth come back, and why may not Jockie too!  
You he'll return Victorious and I shall be his Bride,  
Then we'll Love, Dance, and Sing, all on the Banks of the Clyde.





# ROY'S WIFE OF ALLDIVALLOCH

## A Favourite Old Scots Song

Set for the Piano Forte, Voice, Violin, and Guittar.

Price 6<sup>d</sup>.

EDIN<sup>g</sup>. Printed & Sold by John Watlen 34 North Bridge Street, & N<sup>o</sup> 1 Charlotte Row,  
Long Lane Southwerk, London. Also, all the Scots Music. Instruments Sold, Lent out &c.

Moderately

Slow.

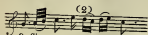
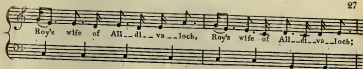
Roy's wife of All-di-va-loch, Roy's wife of All-di-va-loch;

Wat ye how she chest-ed me as I came o'er the braes of Balloch. She

would the swore she wad be mine, she fold that she lo'ed me best of a'ny but

oh the fickle faithless queen she's ta'en the Carl and left her Johnie.

The musical score is written on four systems of staves. Each system consists of a treble clef staff (likely for voice or violin) and a bass clef staff (likely for piano or guitar). The first system is marked 'Moderately' and the second 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words underlined. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines.

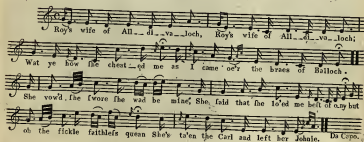


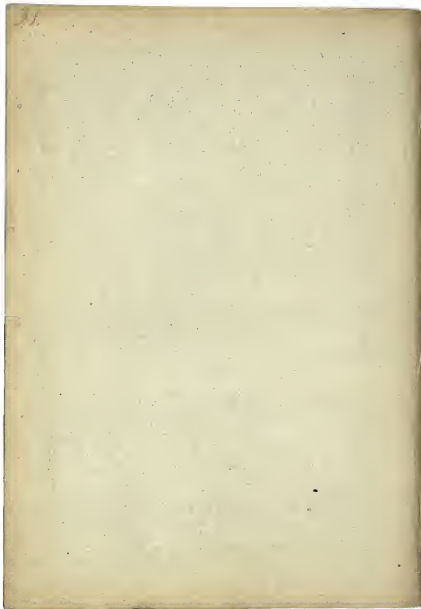
O She was a cōn-ty queen,  
And we'll cōld she dance the Highland walloch;  
How happy I, had she been mine;  
Or I'd been Roy of All-d-va-loch.  
Roy's wife &c.

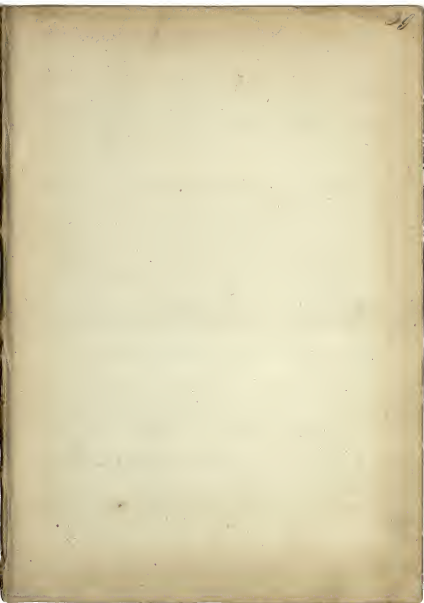
(3)

Her hair she fair, her e'en she clear,  
Her wee bit' mōu' so sweet and bonny;  
To me she ever will be dear  
Tho she's forever left her Johnie.  
Roy's wife &c.

For the Guittar &c.







# JOHNY FAA,

or the

## Gypsie Laddie

An Old Scots Song

*Set for the Voice Piano Forte Guitar Flute or Clarinet*

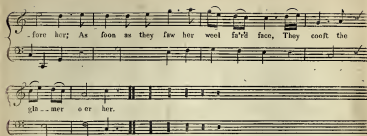
Price 6d

EDINBURGH Printed & Sold by J. WATLEN 34 North Bridge Street, where may be had, all the Scots & English Music, Instruments Sold, Lest Out, Tun'd &c. &c. &c.

SLOW

The gypsies came to our Lord's yett, And vow but they sang  
sweetly; They sang fae sweet, and fae complest, That down came the fair  
Lady: When she came tripping down the stair, And a' her maids be





## (2)

Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,  
 And bring to me a plaidie;  
 For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,  
 I'll follow the gypsy laddie.  
 Yestreen I lay in a weel made bed,  
 And my good Lord beside me;  
 This night I'll be in a tenack barn,  
 Whatever shall beside me.

## (3)

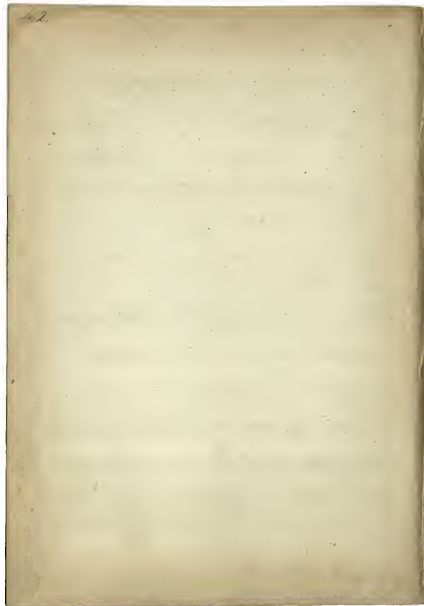
Oht come to your bed says Johny Fas,  
 Oht come to your bed, my deary;  
 For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,  
 That you and Lord that nae mair come near ye.  
 I'll go to bed to my Johny Fas,  
 And I'll go to bed to my deary;  
 For I vow and swear by what gait yestreen,  
 That my Lord shall nae mair come near me.

## (4)

I'll make a hap to my Johny Fas,  
 And I'll make a hap to my deary;  
 And he's got a' the coat gars round,  
 And my Lord shall nae mair come near me.  
 And when our Lord came hame at e'en  
 And speir'd for his fair Lady,  
 The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,  
 She's awa wi' the gypsy laddie.

## (5)

Gae saddle to me the black, black steed,  
 Gae saddle and make him ready;  
 Before that I either eat or sleep,  
 I'll go seek my fair Lady.  
 And we were fifteen well made men,  
 Altho' we were nae bonny;  
 And we are a' put down for aye,  
 The Earl of Caithness' Lady.



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# MORAG

*A favourite old Gaelic Song*

Set for the

*Voice, Piano Forte, Violin,*

*Flute, Guitars &c.*

Entered in Stationers Hall

Price 6<sup>d</sup>

NB. This Song is now Sung in all Parts of Scotland,  
with great Applause

EDINBURGH Printed & Sold by J: WATLEN, 34 North Bridge Street — where may be had,  
all the Genuine Scots Music &c. — Instruments of all Sorts Sold, Exchanged, &c. &c.

Moderato

Si Morag bheag nan dluth chialh Gu'm maith d'a's tig nan  
guntalbh S'r...ibeannan on bhu O Mur d'rian mi mear...achd  
cuntais Gur robh mhaith cille Duic thu . Se

Chorus.

rum mo chagair Morag Smo cheile cadal Mor...ag Gu'm

b'aile leum agam Morag Gur taitneach leum do chomhra.

# MORAG,

*For the Guitar &c.*

Moderato

Si Morag bheag uau dluth chialh Gu'm maith da's tig san

gentaibh S'r...theasa ou blu O Mar d'riou mi mear...achd

cuatais Gur robh mhaith cille Duio thu. Se

runn mo chagair Morag Smo cheile cadal Mor...ag Gu'm

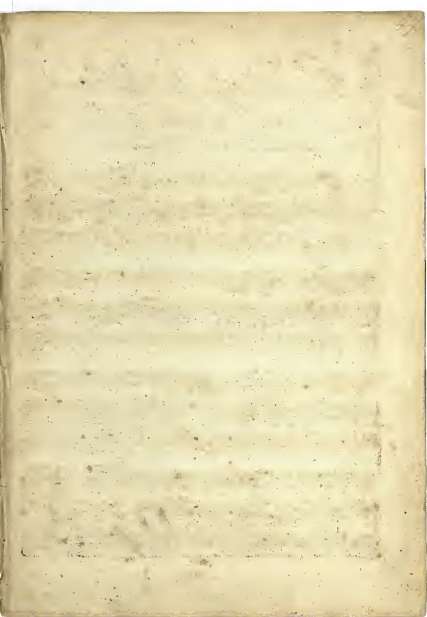
b'aile leum agam Morag Gur taitneach leum do chomhra.

Handwritten text, likely a letter or document, written in cursive script. The text is mostly illegible due to fading and blurring.

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Handwritten text, likely a letter or document, written in cursive script. The text is mostly illegible due to fading and blurring.



# The Favorite Scotch Rondo.

Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> SUTHERLAND.

Price /6

Vio 2<sup>d</sup>

Vio 1<sup>a</sup>

Allegretto

O'er the Seas my Love is Sailing, gently blow ye Eastern gales;

gently blow ye Eastern gales; Love his dear ap-proach is hail-ing,

flies to view the Swee-ling Sails; Love his dear ap-proach is hailing flies to view the

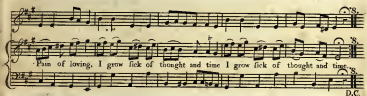




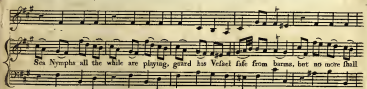
Heeling Sails, flies to view the Heeling Sails, *Sy*



O'er the Ocean whilst he's roving, who has braved the sultry clime, I endure the



Pain of loving, I grow sick of thought and time I grow sick of thought and time. *Sy*  
D.C.



Sea Nymphs all the while are playing, guard his Vessel safe from harms, but no more shall



he be staying, Damons Port shall be my Arms, Damons Port shall be my Arms. *Sy* Da Capo





# BLACK MARY

a Favourite old Gaelic Song

*(Set for the Voice, Piano - Forte, Flute, or Violin)*

Sent in Stationer's Hall

Price 6<sup>d</sup>

EDINB Printed & Sold by J. Watlen 34 North Bridge, & N<sup>o</sup> 1 Charlotte-Row Long-Lane Southwark London. Where may be had, all the Scots Music, original Sets. Instruments Sold, Lent out, &c. &c.

Modora to

Chai' Bunsach na Beallie o Bhuidheilichd carrich oirn Ho...ro Mhari Gu'n

Teas-tigh tu rime Na Gachna nà Sinigh fo bhinn aig na feannagan Ho...ro Mhari Gu'n

Cho<sup>2</sup>

Teas-tigh tu rime 'S a Mhari nan tìgea' tu thainn' tu rime 'S a Mhari nan tìgea tu

thainn' tu rime 'S a Mhari nan tìgea tu b'e do bheatha agla-ne Ho...ro Mhari Gu'n

Teas-tigh tu rime. Sy.

(2)

Nuair thuid tha Bhaanidin's luchd Beurla fàrraid ort  
Horo Mhari gu'n teantigh tu rinne  
Bith Cnocada arda gas cuireadh air t'amartha  
Horo Mhari gu'n teantigh tu rinne  
Cho? 'S a Mhari naa tiges tu thallan tu rinne &c.

(3)

Tha Ruair fo' gruinnean 'on chas e mun Bhanneach  
Horo Mhari gu'n teantigh tu rinne  
Cha deam e car foun ma threigeads a Lesnan e  
Horo Mhari gu'n teantigh tu rinne  
Cho? 'S a Mhari nan tiges tu thallan tu rinne &c.

---

## *Translation*

Verse 1<sup>st</sup>

The maid of the fold is from Herding in the Spring  
Horo black Mary return to me  
The Storks lie condemned in the power of the Crows  
Horo black Mary return to me  
Cho? O Mary Return, then happy I'll be  
O Mary Return, then happy I'll be  
O Mary return and welcome you'll be  
Horo black Mary return to me.

(2)

When you go to Kainbergh, in English they'll ask for you  
Horo black Mary return to me  
High knotted Ribbons will adorn your Head-dress  
Horo black Mary return to me  
Cho? O Mary Return, then happy I'll be &c.

(3)

Rory is melancholy since he heard of the maid of the Dairy  
Horo black Mary return to me  
He'll never do good if his Sweetheart forsakes him  
Horo black Mary return to me  
Cho? O Mary Return, then happy I'll be &c.





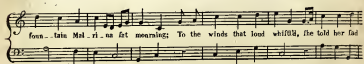
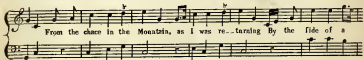
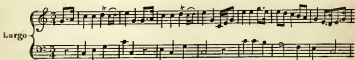
# MAC GREGOR ARUARO.)

## *A Favourite Old Scots Song*

### *Set for the Piano Forte. Voice or Guitar*

Price \_\_\_\_\_ 6<sup>d</sup>

Edin<sup>g</sup> Printed by J. WATLEN. 34 North Bridge Street, Where may be had, all the  
Scots Music &c. All kinds of Instruments Lent out & Sold, at the above Ware House.





## (2)

Like a flash of red lightning, o'er the heath came Macara,  
More fleet than the roe-buck on the lofty Beinn-lara.  
Oh where is MacGregor, say where does he hover,  
You son of bold Calmar, why tarries my lover.

## (3)

Then the voice of soft sorrow, from his bosom thus sounded,  
Low lies your MacGregor, pale mangled and wounded.  
Overcome with deep slumber, to the rock I convey'd him,  
Where the fons of black malice to his foot have betray'd him.

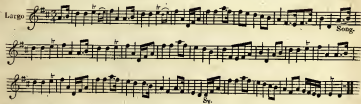
## (4)

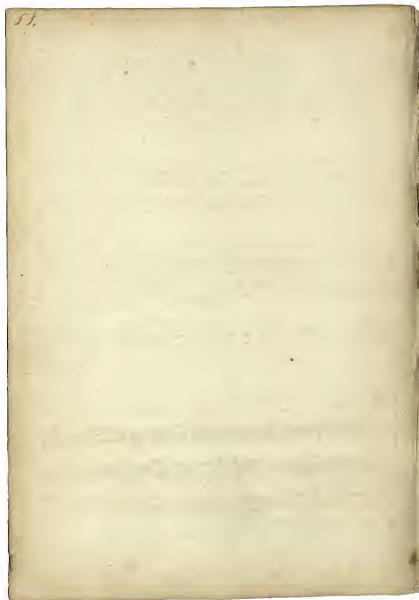
As the blast from the mountain foam nips the fresh blossom,  
So died the fair bud of fond hope in her bosom.  
MacGregor! MacGregor! loud echoes resounded,  
And the hills rung in pity, MacGregor is wounded.

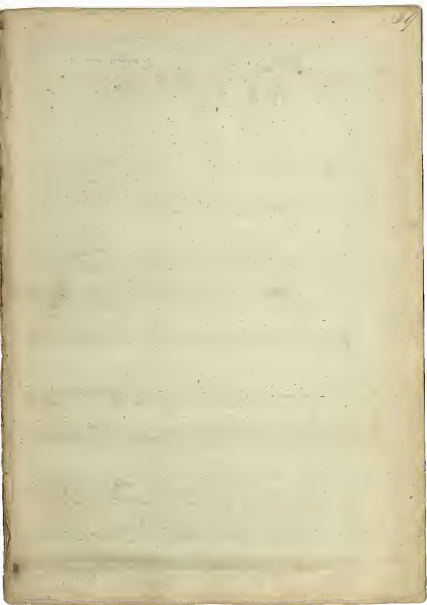
## (5)

Near the brook in the valley, the green turf did hide her,  
And they laid down MacGregor sound sleeping beside her,  
Secure is their dwelling from foes and black slander;  
Near the roaring loud waters their spirits oft wander.

For the German Flute.







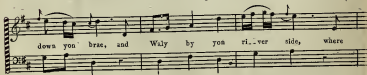
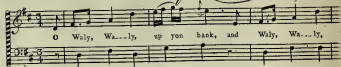
# WALY, WALY,

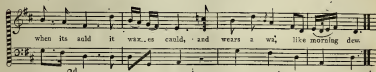
*A Favourite Old Scots Song*

With much Approved of Alterations *By*

*Robt. Riddell Esq<sup>r</sup> of GLENRIDDELL* *pr. 6*

Slow



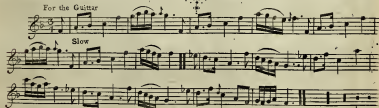


I leant my back unto an aik,  
I thought it was a trusty tree!  
But first it bow'd and sine it brak,  
And ae did my fause love to me.  
When cockle-shells turn siller bells,  
And mussels grow on ev'ry tree;  
When frost and snaw shall warm us a,  
Then shall my love prove true to me.

3d

Now Arthur's feat shall be my bed,  
The sheets shall ne'er be fy'd by me;  
S! Anton's well shall be my drink  
Since my True-love's forsaken me.  
O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blow,  
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?  
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come,  
And tak a life that wearies me?

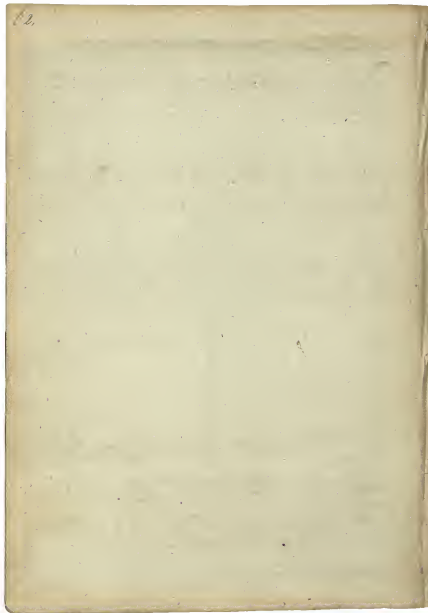
For the Guitar



'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
Nor blowing snow's inclemency,  
'Tis no sic cauld that makes me cry,  
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.  
When we came in by Glasgow town,  
We were a comely sight to see;  
My love was clad in velvet black,  
And I my self in cramasie.

5th

But had I wist before I kiss'd  
That love had been sic ill to win,  
I'd lockt my heart in case of gold,  
And pin'd it with a silver pin.  
Oh, oh! if my young bahe were born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee,  
And I myself were dead and gane,  
For maid again I'll never be!





1  
*Fair Maid of Perth's sweet Town*

A Favorite Scots Air, Composed by J. JONES.

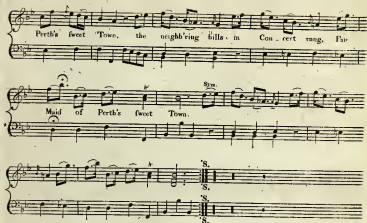
The words by A. Mc Laren.

Price /6

And<sup>te</sup>

The Sun had bid the world good Night, and  
 flut the gates of Day, when Colin sought the loftiest height, that borders  
 on the Tay: there of his love and pain he sung, and cruel Peggy's  
 frown, the neighb'ring hills in Con- cert rung, Fair Maid of

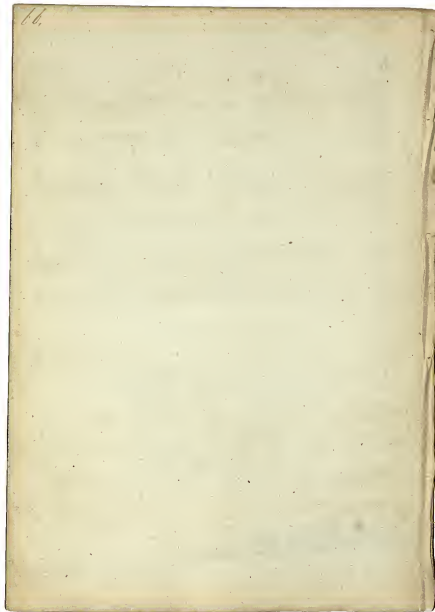


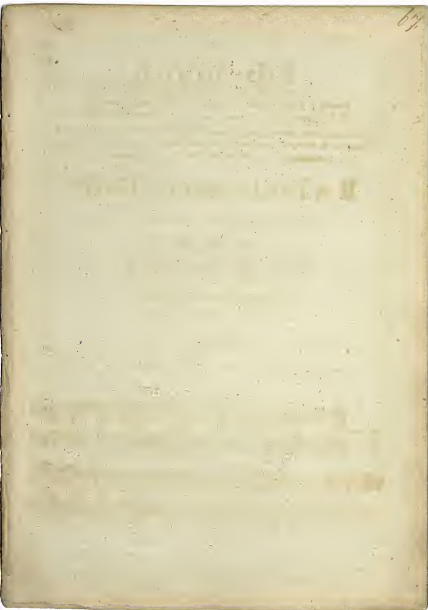


When on the careful Nurse's breast  
The smiling Infant lay,  
The rising Morning from the East  
Ne'er shot forth such a ray.  
The wand'ring Angels from the skies  
On Seraph's wings came down,  
To view thy charms with Jealous Eyes  
Fair Maid of Perth's sweet Town.

But why should I (oppressed with woe)  
Delight to' thy she's fair,  
For 'tis to that, alas, I owe  
My torments and despair,  
Tho' all the Night in floods of tears  
My weary Couch I drown,  
No morning beam my Bosom cheers  
Fair Maid of Perth's sweet Town

Tho' you're unkind, I must endure  
And bear your Cold disdain,  
For where can I expect a cure  
When you prolong my Pain  
Where'er my Bark on Life's rude sea  
By Fortune's Storms is thrown,  
My Heav'n's propitious prove to thee,  
Fair Maid of Perth's sweet Town





# Edinburgh

Printed & Sold by JOHN WATLEN, at His Music Ware-House  
N<sup>o</sup> 34, North Bridge Street. \_\_\_\_\_ Where may be had,

All the Scots Music without being Italianiz'd in the least; also every new Musical  
Publication in Europe: Instruments of all Sorts Lent out on Hyre, Sold, Tun'd &c.  
See His Catalogue.

## If a Body meet a Body

*A Favorite Old Scots Song*

Set for the

*Voice, Piano Forte,*

GERMAN FLUTE,

or

*Guitar*

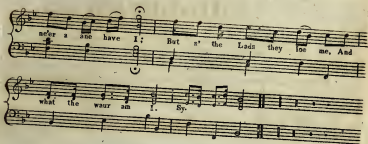
Entered in Stationers Hall \_\_\_\_\_

Price 6<sup>d</sup>

Andante

The musical score is written on two systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo marking 'Andante' is written to the left of the first staff. The lyrics 'If a Body meet a Body, going thro' the Rye,' are written below the notes. The second system also has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics 'If a Body Kifs a Body, need a Body cry; If a Body has a Body,' are written below the notes. The music consists of a single melodic line with a bass line of chords.

If a Body meet a Body, going thro' the Rye,  
If a Body Kifs a Body, need a Body cry; If a Body has a Body,



ne'er a one have I: But a' the Lads they loe me, And  
what the waur am I. Sy.

2

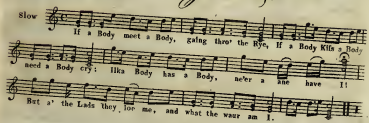
If a Body meet a Body, coming frae the well,  
If a Body Kifs a Body, need a Body tell;  
Ilka Body has a Body, ne'er a one have I,  
But a' the Lads they loe me, and what the waur am I.

3

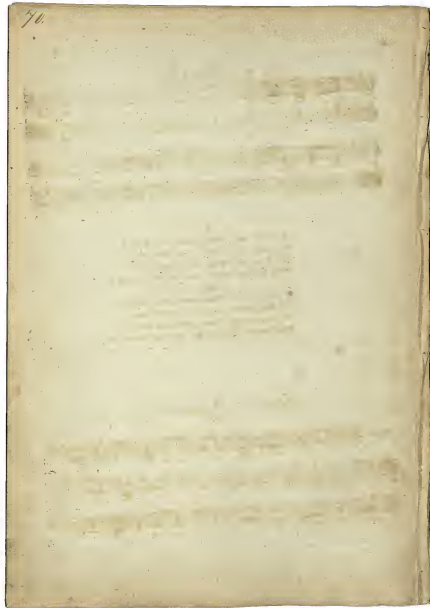
If a Body meet a Body, coming frae the Town  
If a Body Kifs a Body, need a Body gloom;  
Ilka Jeony has her Jockey, och a' aoe have I,  
But a' the Lads they loe me, and what the waur am I.

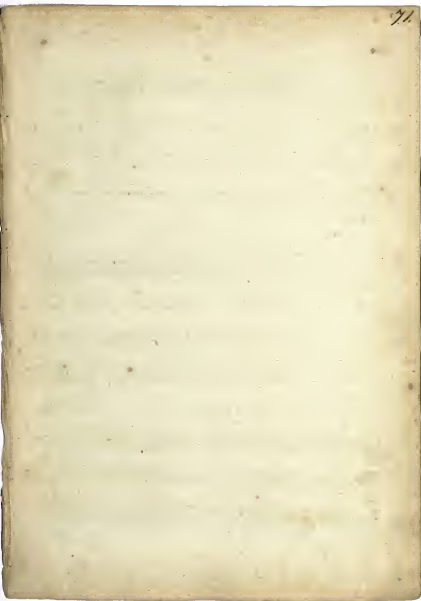
*For the Guitars &c*

Slow



If a Body meet a Body, gaeing thro' the Rye, If a Body Kifs a Body  
need a Body cry: Ilka Body has a Body, ne'er a one have I!  
But a' the Lads they loe me, and what the waur am I.





# AULD ROB THE LAIRD.

## *A Favourite Scots Song*

Set for the Voice, Piano Forte, Guitar, Flute or Clarinet

Price

6<sup>d</sup>

Edinburgh Printed by JOHN WATLEN 34 North Bridge Street, & N<sup>o</sup> 1 Charlotte Row  
Long Lane Southwark London, where may be had all the Scots Music 8c. 8c. 8c.

Moderato

Auld Rob the Laird o' muckle land, To woo me was nae very  
late, But spite o' a' his Gear he fand, He came to woo, a day oer late.  
A Lad fae blyth, fae full o' gloe, My heart did ne-ver never ken, And  
nane, can gie sic joy to me, As Jamie o' the Glen.



(2)

My Minny grat like daft and coo'd,  
To gar me wi' her will 'comply.  
But still I wadna hae the Laird,  
Wi' a' his Oufen, 'Sheep, and Kye.  
Cho<sup>s</sup> A Lad fae blyth &c.

(3)

Ah what are Silks and Satins bra,  
What's a' his Warldly Geer to me.  
They're daft that caft themselves awa,  
Where nae Content or Love can be.  
Cho<sup>s</sup> A Lad fae blyth &c.

(4)

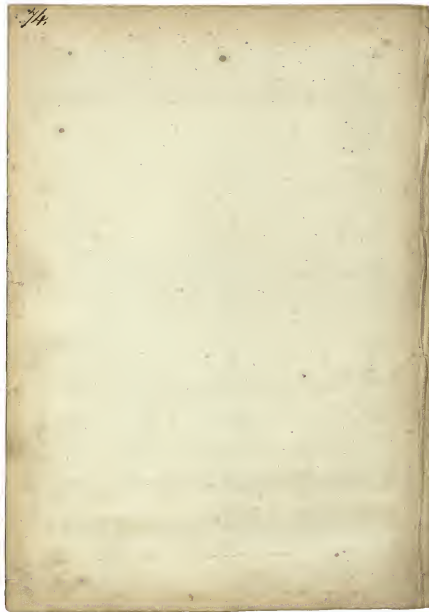
I cou'd na bide the filly clafh,  
Came hourly frae the Gawky Laird,  
And fae to stop his gab and fafh,  
Wi' Jamie to the Kirk repair'd.  
Cho<sup>s</sup> A Lad fae blyth &c.

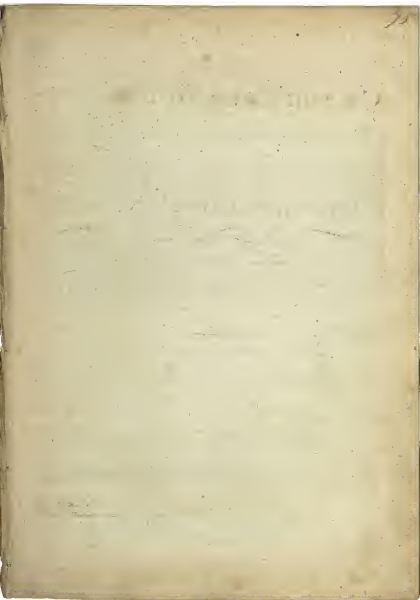
(5)

Now like Summer's day fae 'lang,  
And Winter's cold wi' frost and snow.  
A Tune fu' Lilt and Bonny Sang,  
Ay keep dull Care and Strife awa.  
Cho<sup>s</sup> A Lad fae blyth &c.

For the Guitar or Clarinet.







# CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWS.

*A favourite old Scots Song*  
As Sung at the

EDINBURGH CONCERT

Set for the

*Voice, Piano-forte, Violin, or German Flute*

Price 6<sup>d</sup>.

EDIN<sup>r</sup> Printed & Sold by J: WATLEN, 34 North Bridge Street, & N<sup>o</sup> 1 Charlotte Row Long Lane, Southwark London, where may be had, all the Scots Music original set's &c. Instruments Bought & Sold, Lent out on hyre &c. See Watlen's Catalogue.

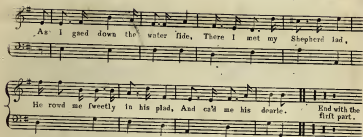
Moderato

Ca' the Ewes to the Knows, Ca' them whare the Hea...ther

grows; Ca' them whare the Burnie yowes, My bonnie dearie.

End.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Ca' the Ewes to the Knows'. It consists of two systems of music. The first system is marked 'Moderato' and features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on a five-line staff, and the lyrics 'Ca' the Ewes to the Knows, Ca' them whare the Hea...ther' are written below it. The second system continues the melody and lyrics, ending with 'End.' and a double bar line. The lyrics for the second system are 'grows; Ca' them whare the Burnie yowes, My bonnie dearie.' The music is written in a style typical of 18th or 19th-century sheet music, with clear notation for notes, rests, and bar lines.



(3)

Will ye gang down the water side  
And see the waves so sweetly glide,  
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,  
The Moon it shines fa' clearly.

Cho<sup>s</sup> Ca' the Ewes &c.

(4)

I was bred up at nae sic School,  
My Shepherd lad, to play the fool,  
And a' the day to sit in dool,  
And nae body to see me.

Cho<sup>s</sup> Ca' the Ewes &c.

(5)

Ye fall get gowns and ribbons meet,  
Cauf leather shoes upon your feet,  
And in my arms ye'll lie and sleep,  
And ye fall be my dearie.

Cho<sup>s</sup> Ca' the Ewes &c.

(6)

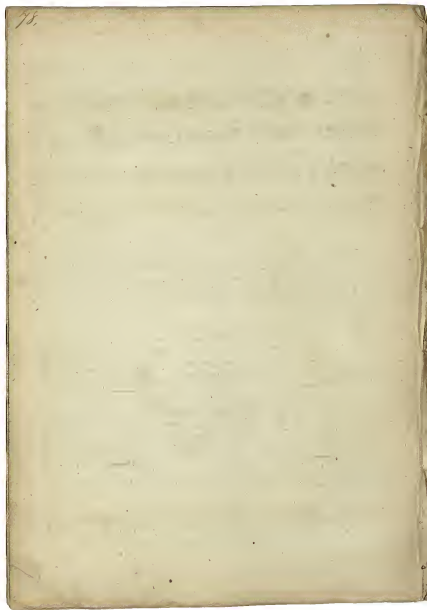
If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,  
I'll gang wi' you, my Shepherd lad,  
And ye may row me in your plaid,  
And I fall be your dearie.

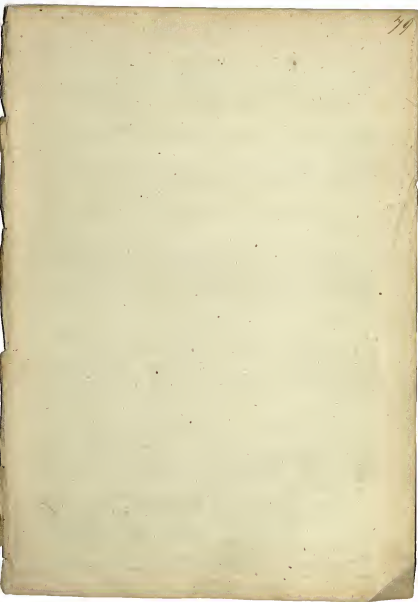
Cho<sup>s</sup> Ca' the Ewes &c.

(7)

While waters wimple to the sea;  
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;  
Till clay could death fall blin' my e'e,  
Ye fall be my dearie.

Cho<sup>s</sup> Ca' the Ewes &c.





# YARROW VALE.

A Favourite Scotch Song

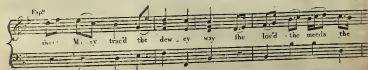
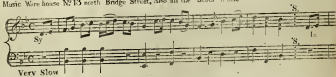
Written by M<sup>r</sup> MACDONALD.

The Music Composed by

M<sup>r</sup> WATLEN

Price 6<sup>d</sup>

EDIN<sup>g</sup> Printed by the Author of whom may be had the Celebrated Circus Music Reels &c 6/  
God save the King with Var<sup>s</sup> 1/ Bush about Traquair with Var<sup>s</sup> 1 Take O Take these Lips 1/ &c &c.  
at his Music Warehouse N<sup>o</sup> 13 north Bridge Street, Also all the Scots Music



This Song was Sang by M<sup>r</sup> URBANI at the Edinburgh Concert with unbounded Applause



The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The lyrics 'Towering trees the fanning of the western gale yet' are written below the treble staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff, with lyrics 'fright for something still to please by yarrow'. The third system has a treble and bass staff, with lyrics 'stream in yarrow vale by yarrow stream in'. The fourth system has a treble and bass staff, with lyrics 'yarrow vale, Sy'. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature.

2

In Yarrow Vale by Yarrow Stream  
Sweet pleasure reigns the pensive find  
How floods indulge the Shepherd's dream  
And Zephyrs soothe the snubbing Maid  
While I in Languor wasting rove  
Lifting the lonely Woodlark's wail  
And the Woods unheeded rove  
By Yarrow Stream in Yarrow Vale.

3

In Yarrow Vale by Yarrow Stream  
Nature his Friend his guardian Love  
Colin beneath the Moon's soft beam  
Had follow'd Mary thro' the Grove  
He look'd she blush'd he spoke she sigh'd  
No words are made to tell the Tale  
O charming Meads and Groves she cried  
By Yarrow Stream in Yarrow Vale.



83.  
1  
Well away Cruel Barbara Allen

A Favorite Song

SUNG BY MASTER WELSH

at Vauxhall Gardens

COMPOSED by MR. HOOK.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

Price 1s

London, Printed & Sold at A. Blane & Weller's Music Warehouse 23, Oxford Street.

Flutes  
Violins  
Coral  
Tenor  
Voice  
Basso

Con Sordini

Sempre Piano

Con Sordini

Andantino poco lento con molto Espressione

Sempre Piano

pp

All

Violino Primo con Voce

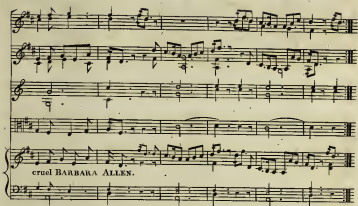
Flute

in the merry month of May, when green buds they were swelling, young

JEMMY on his Death bed lay for Love of BARBARA ALLEN.

well away well away well away well away cruel BARBARA ALLEN.

The image shows a handwritten musical score on aged paper. It features five systems of music. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The first system is labeled 'Violino Primo con Voce' and 'Flute'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The second system continues the lyrics. The third system is labeled 'JEMMY on his Death bed lay for Love of BARBARA ALLEN.' The fourth system continues the lyrics. The fifth system is labeled 'well away well away well away well away cruel BARBARA ALLEN.' The handwriting is in ink, and the paper shows signs of age and wear.



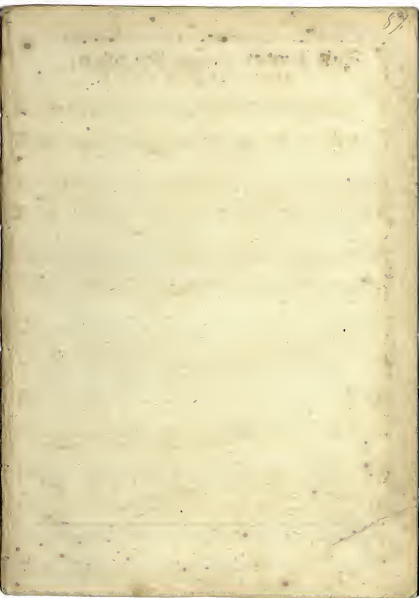
2  
He turn'd his Face unto her strait,  
With deadly sorrow sighing,  
O lovely Maid some pity show,  
I'm on my Death bed lying.  
Well away &c.

3  
If on your Death bed you do lie,  
What needs the tale your telling,  
Without one Tear without one sigh,  
Farewell said BARBARA ALLEN.  
Well away &c.

4  
When he was laid in his cold grave,  
Her heart was struck with sorrow,  
To day you died for me she said,  
For you I'll die tomorrow.  
Well away &c.

5  
Farewell she said ye Virgins all,  
Oh shun the fault I fell in,  
Henceforth take warning by the fall,  
Of cruel BARBARA ALLEN.  
Well away &c.





88.

# 1 THE BONNY BOLD SOLDIER.

A Favorite Song Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> HAMILTON.

Price /6

Allegro.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegro.' The piano part consists of a continuous melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody is written in the treble clef, with lyrics printed below the notes. The lyrics are: 'I've plenty of Lovers who sue me in vain, my heart is with Billy far over the plain, For handsome and wit-ty and bold is the Swain, The Bon-ny bold Soldier young Wil-ly for me. For handsome and Wit-ty and Bold is the Swain, The Bonny bold Soldier young Wil-ly for me, In the Trumpet Shrill sound the.' The score is divided into six systems, each with a piano and vocal line.

I've plenty of Lovers who sue me in vain, my heart is with Billy far  
over the plain, For handsome and wit-ty and bold is the Swain, The Bon-ny bold  
Soldier young Wil-ly for me. For handsome and Wit-ty and Bold is the Swain, The  
Bonny bold Soldier young Wil-ly for me, In the Trumpet Shrill sound the.



Soldier de-light's, For Honour his King and his Country he Fights

he Fi

ghts For honour his

King and his Country he Fights, For Honour his King and his Country he

Sy  
Fights

(2)

I share with is drest in the heart of a Bear,  
 A Doctor my Pulse feels and never takes a fee,  
 The one is pedantic the other all Show,  
 The Bonny bold Soldier young Willy for me,  
 In the Trumpet Shrill found &c.

(3)

The Lawyer so crafty I fly from in Fear,  
 The dashing Poet I shun when I see,  
 Once more O ye Power's restore me my Dear,  
 My Bonny bold Soldier young Willy for me,  
 In the Trumpet Shrill found &c.



*Forty favorite*  
**SCOTCH AIRS,**

adapted for a

*Violin German Flute or*  
**V I O L O N C E L L O,**

with the Phrases marked and proper fingering for the latter Instrument:

*being a Supplement to the Examples in the Theory  
 & Practice of fingering the VIOLONCELLO.*

by  
*John Gunn*

*Entered at Stationers Hall.*

*Price 7/6.*

**L O N D O N.**

*Printed for & sold by the Editor, at 12, Bennet Street, Rathbone place  
 & R. Birchall, at Handel's Head, N<sup>o</sup> 133, New Bond Street,  
 where may be also had the Theory & practice of fingering the Violoncello.*

92.

The last time I came over the Moor.

1

Andante

The Girl that came over the Moor.

Andante

1

2 + 2 3 1 1 0 1 2 + 2 1 3 2 1 0 1 0 2 1 2 1 2 3 + 2 3 1 1 0

1 2 1 2 + 2 1 3 2 1 0 1 2 1 2 + 2 3 2 1 2 3 4 2 3 2 1 0 1 0 4 + 1 1 2 0 2 3

2 + 2 + 1 4 2 0 1 0 1 3 1 + 1 4 1 2 + 1 2 + 2 3 1 0 1 2 3 2 1 0

Tweed side. Dwyett.

Affettuoso

**Affettuoso**

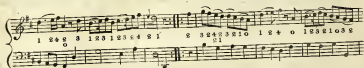
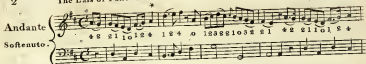
The image shows a musical score for a piece titled "Affettuoso". The score is written for two instruments: a piano (left hand) and a guitar (right hand). The tempo/mood is indicated as "Affettuoso". The score consists of five systems of two staves each. The piano part is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The guitar part is in bass clef with a key signature of two sharps. The music is characterized by a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the guitar and a more melodic line in the piano. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The tempo/mood is indicated as "Affettuoso".

2

## The Laft of Patie's Mill.

Andante

Softenuto.



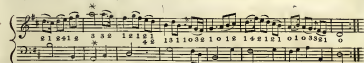
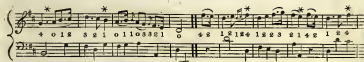
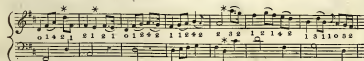
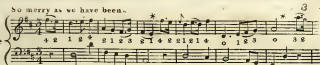
## The Mill Mill O.

Andante



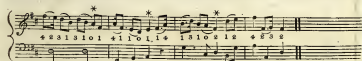
So merry as we have been.

Andante



And Robin Gray.

Larghetto



4

## The bush shoon Traquair.

Largo

0 1 2 0 1 + 2 1 1 2 3 2 2 1 1 2 0 4 2 3 2 1 0 0 0 1

2 0 1 + 2 1 1 2 3 2 2 1 1 2 0 4 2 3 2 1 0 3 0 3 2 1 0 1 2 + 1

2 3 1 3 2 4 2 0 1 2 + 1 2 3 2 2 1 2 3 2 1 2 2 1 3 2 1 0 1 2 3 2 +

1 2 3 2 1 + 2 1 2 0 + 2 1 2 1 0 3 0

## An thou were mine ain thing.

Amoroso

1 2 0 1 2 3 2 1 0 + 2 2 1 0 1 0 1 2 + 2 3 2 1 0 1 2 + 1 2

0 1 2 3 2 1 0 + 2 + 2 2 3 2 1 0 1 0 1 2 1 2 4 1 1 2 1 2 1 0 2 1 2

0 2 3 4 2 + 2 1 3 2 1 0 1 2 + 2 1 2 + 2 3 2 1 0 + 2 + 2 3 2 1 0 0 1 0 1 2



Woe's my Heart that we should sunder.

5

Affettuoso

First system: Treble staff melody with notes G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3, F#3, E3, D3, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2, E2, D2, C2, B1, A1, G1, F#1, E1, D1, C1, B0, A0, G0, F#0, E0, D0, C0, B-1, A-1, G-1, F#-1, E-1, D-1, C-1, B-2, A-2, G-2, F#-2, E-2, D-2, C-2, B-3, A-3, G-3, F#-3, E-3, D-3, C-3, B-4, A-4, G-4, F#-4, E-4, D-4, C-4, B-5, A-5, G-5, F#-5, E-5, D-5, C-5, B-6, A-6, G-6, F#-6, E-6, D-6, C-6, B-7, A-7, G-7, F#-7, E-7, D-7, C-7, B-8, A-8, G-8, F#-8, E-8, D-8, C-8, B-9, A-9, G-9, F#-9, E-9, D-9, C-9, B-10, A-10, G-10, F#-10, E-10, D-10, C-10, B-11, A-11, G-11, F#-11, E-11, D-11, C-11, B-12, A-12, G-12, F#-12, E-12, D-12, C-12, B-13, A-13, G-13, F#-13, E-13, D-13, C-13, B-14, A-14, G-14, F#-14, E-14, D-14, C-14, B-15, A-15, G-15, F#-15, E-15, D-15, C-15, B-16, A-16, G-16, F#-16, E-16, D-16, C-16, B-17, A-17, G-17, F#-17, E-17, D-17, C-17, B-18, A-18, G-18, F#-18, E-18, D-18, C-18, B-19, A-19, G-19, F#-19, E-19, D-19, C-19, B-20, A-20, G-20, F#-20, E-20, D-20, C-20, B-21, A-21, G-21, F#-21, E-21, D-21, C-21, B-22, A-22, G-22, F#-22, E-22, D-22, C-22, B-23, A-23, G-23, F#-23, E-23, D-23, C-23, B-24, A-24, G-24, F#-24, E-24, D-24, C-24, B-25, A-25, G-25, F#-25, E-25, D-25, C-25, B-26, A-26, G-26, F#-26, E-26, D-26, C-26, B-27, A-27, G-27, F#-27, E-27, D-27, C-27, B-28, A-28, G-28, F#-28, E-28, D-28, C-28, B-29, A-29, G-29, F#-29, E-29, D-29, C-29, B-30, A-30, G-30, F#-30, E-30, D-30, C-30, B-31, A-31, G-31, F#-31, E-31, D-31, C-31, B-32, A-32, G-32, F#-32, E-32, D-32, C-32, B-33, A-33, G-33, F#-33, E-33, D-33, C-33, B-34, A-34, G-34, F#-34, E-34, D-34, C-34, B-35, A-35, G-35, F#-35, E-35, D-35, C-35, B-36, A-36, G-36, F#-36, E-36, D-36, C-36, B-37, A-37, G-37, F#-37, E-37, D-37, C-37, B-38, A-38, G-38, F#-38, E-38, D-38, C-38, B-39, A-39, G-39, F#-39, E-39, D-39, C-39, B-40, A-40, G-40, F#-40, E-40, D-40, C-40, B-41, A-41, G-41, F#-41, E-41, D-41, C-41, B-42, A-42, G-42, F#-42, E-42, D-42, C-42, B-43, A-43, G-43, F#-43, E-43, D-43, C-43, B-44, 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6

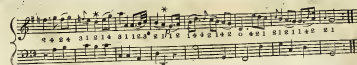
## Pinkey Houfe.

Andante



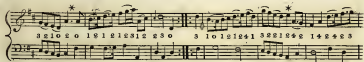
## Lachaber.

Largo



## The Boat Man.

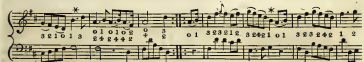
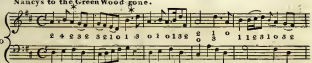
Andante



## Nancy's to the Green Wood gone.

Andante

Softenuto



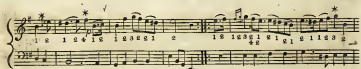
## The yellow hair'd Laddie. Duett.

Amoroso



She rose and let me in.

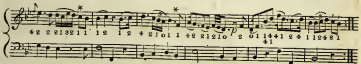
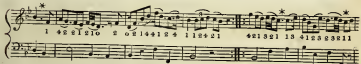
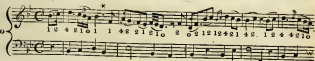
Larghetto



Donald.

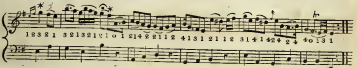
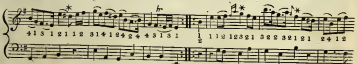
9

Larghetto



Roslin Castle.

Lento



10

## Polwart on the Green.

Andante  
Sostenuto

1 2 4 2 1 2 2 3 2 2 4 1 0 1 2 1 2 3 3 2 1 2 2 3 2 4 2 1 1 2 4 2 3 4

3 1 4 2 1 1 0 4 1 1 2 4 2 4 1 2 1 4 2 2 1 1 2

## Corn Riggs are bonny.

Allegretto

1 0 1 0 1 2 1 0 4 2 1 2 4 1 0 1 2 3 2 1 0 2 4 2 1

2 1 2 4 3 2 1 0 4 2 1 2 4 1 1 2 3 1 4 2 4 2 1 2 4 2 1

0 4 1 2 4 4 1 2 4 1 0 4 2 2 3 2 1 0 2 4 1 1 0 2 4 2 3 2

3 2 1 0 2 1 2 1 1 2 3 1 4 2 4 2 1 2 4 2

My Nanny O. \*

Andante

1 2 + 1 1 0 + 3 1 3 1 6 1 3 1 2 4 2 + 1 2 2 + 2 1 2

1 4 2 1 4 2 4 3 + 4 2 1 4 2 + 1 2 1 5 1 1 2 2 + 2 2 1 + 1 2 1 + 3

1 3 + 3 1 2 3 2 + 2 3 2 1 2 3 1 2 1 2 3 + 4 2 1 + 2 + 1 2 1 3 1

Gallow Shields.

Affettuoso

1 2 1 2 1 2 3 1 2 4 2 + 1 2 4 2 + 1 2 1 + 3 2 1 + 2

4 1 0 1 + 2 1 4 2 + 1 2 1 2 3 1 2 1 + 2 1 + 1 3 2 3 2 3 2 1 2 3 3 1 1

1 2 1 3 2 1 3 2 1 + 1 3 2 3 2 3 2 1 2 3 3 2 4 1 2 3 3 2 1 3 2 1 4 1 3 2 3 2 4

2 1 2 3 3 2 + 1 0 1 + 1 + 2 1 2 1 3 + 1 + 2 1 2 + 1 + 1 0 1 1 2 3 2 1 3 1 2 1 + 2 1

12

Altoa House -

Larghetto

[illegible]

## Katherine Ogle.

Affettuosamente

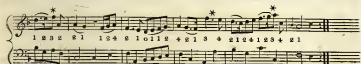
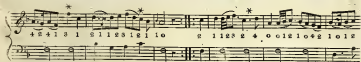
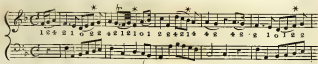
*Affettuoso*



## Down the burn Davie.

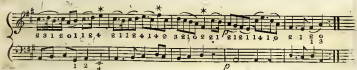
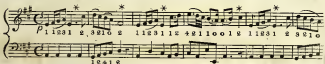
13

Andante



## Buck ye, Buck ye.

Lento



14

## The Birks of Invermay.

Larghetto

1 2 2 4 1 2 1 2 1 2 4 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 4 2 1 2 4 1 2 4

4 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 4 2 2 1 4 2 0 2 1 2 4 2 1 2 1 2 1 0 2 4 2 4 1 2 1 2 4 4

2 4 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 4 2 1 4 2 4 2 1 4 1 2 3 2 1 4 1 2 1 4 2 1 4 2 1 4 2 1 2 1

## Logan Water.

Affettuoso

4 2 1 1 0 0 2 4 1 0 1 4 2 0 0 2 4 4 1 1 4 1 2 2 1 1 2 4 2 3 2 1 2 4 2

4 2 1 0 2 0 1 2 4 2 3 1 2 2 1 0 1 0 1 4 0 0 2 4 1 0 1 4 1 4 0 0 1 2 4

2 1 1 2 4 2 3 2 1 2 4 2 4 2 1 0 2 0 1 2 4 2 3 1 2 2 1 0 1 0

Deel take the War.

Allegretto

1 1 4 + 2 3 3 0 1 2 3 1 0 3 2 2 0 0 2 1 2 + 2 + 1 2 3 2 1

1 1 4 + 2 3 2 3 0 1 2 3 1 0 3 2 1 0 2 1 2 + 2 3 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 1

1 1 2 4 + 2 3 3 0 1 2 3 1 0 3 2 2 0 0 2 2 + 1 2 3 2 1 2 3 1

1 1 4 + 1 3 3 0 1 2 3 1 0 3 2 2 0 0 2 1 2 + 2 3 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 4 4 1 4 3

1 2 + 1 4 3 + 1 1 2 3 2 1 2 + 2 1 2 2 + 2 3 2 1 3 0 1 0 2 0

0 2 2 + + 2 2 3 2 1 3 3 2 1 0 1 0 2 0 3 2 1 2 1 2 1

16

The bonny grey ey'd Morning

Allegretto

16 The bonny grey eye'd Mornin'

Allegretto

1 2 1 1 2 4 2 1 1 2 2 3 2 3 2 2 3 2 4 2 1 2 2 4 2 2

3 2 4 2 1 2 3 4 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 4 2 3 2 1 1 2 4 1 2 3 1 3 1 1

2 1 4 2 2 1 4 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 3 1 3 2 4 2 1 1 1 2 3 2 2 2 2 3 2 1 1

x 1 2 x 1 x 1 x

I with my Love were in a Mire.

Larghetto

I with my Love were in a Mire. \*

**Larghetto**

0 1 2 3 1 2 + 1 2 1 0 1 2 1 0 1 3 0 1 2 + 2 1 2 1 4 2 1 1 2 +

1 2 1 0 1 2 1 1 2 3 0 1 0 2 3 2 1 6 3 2 1 4 2 1 2 + 2 2 1 2 1 4 2 1 2 +

1 3 3 1 2 1 3 2 1 1 2 3 1 3 1 3 2 1 0 1 2 1 3 0 1 0 2 3 2 1 6 3 2 1

**Gil Morris.**

1 2 + 2 + 2 3 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 3 + 2 1 4 1 1 3 2 2 1 + 1 4 1 2 1 4 1 2 3 2 1 2 1 3 2 2 1 + 1 2 4 3

Gil Morris.

### Adagio e Sotto Voce

Thro' the Wood Laddie.

17

Larghetto

4 6 1 1 2 2 1 2 4 2 3 1 3 1 4 1 1 0 1 2 3 4 3 1 3 2 1 1 2 4 2 2 1 4 2

4 2 1 1 0 1 1 2 2 1 2 4 1 2 3 2 3 1 4 1 1 0 1 2 4 1 4 1 1 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 1 3 1 3 4

2 3 1 1 2 2 1 2 3 x 1 2 3 2 1 x 1 x 1 x 1 2 3 2 1 2 1 x 1 x 1 2 1 2 4 2 1 2 1 x 1 x 1

2 x 1 1 x 1 2 x 1 2 1 x 2 4 1 1 0 1 2 4 1 4 1 4 1 2 4 2 1 4 2 4 1 3 3 1 3 4

Johnny Fas.

Andante

2 2 4 1 4 4 2 4 1 2 2 2 4 1 4 4 2 1 2 2 4 1 4 2 1

4 2 4 1 2 4 2 2 4 1 4 2 1 4 2 1 1 1 2 2 3 4 1 2 1 1 4 2 2 4 2 3 2

3 2 1 1 1 2 2 3 4 1 2 1 2 4 2 2 4 1 4 4 1 4 2 1

## Love is the cause of my mourning.

Affettuoso

o + 1 2 + + 2 + 2 1 1 2 1 2 3 1 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 2 + 4 1 2 1 2 3 2 4 1

3 + 2 1 1 1 2 + 1 2 + + 2 + 2 1 1 2 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 3 1 2 1 2 1 2 + 4 1 4 0 + 2 1

4 1 1 2 3 2 1 2 + 1 2 2 1 2 3 2 1 1 + 2 1 + + 1 + 1 + 1 1 2 1 + 2 1 1 2 3 2 + 1 2 1 2 + 2 1

1 2 3 1 2 3 3 2 3 2 1 1 2 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 3 1 2 1 2 1 2 + 4 1 4 0 + 2 1

## Bonny Jean of Aberdeen.

Andante

+ 2 1 1 2 + 0 1 + 3 1 2 + 2 1 1 + 1 2 1 2 + 2 1 1 + 2 1 1 2 3 0 1

4 + 3 2 1 1 2 1 + 2 + 2 + 1 2 1 2 1 3 2 1 1 2 3 2 1 2 3 1 2 3 2 1 2 1 1 + 1 + 1

2 4 2 1 1 + 2 1 1 2 + 0 1 + 3 2 1 2 + 1 1 2 + 1 1 2 1 2 1

My apron Dearie.

19

Andante

2 4 1 2 4 2 1 2 4 1 4 2 1 2 0 2 4 1 4 2 3 2 1

2 4 0 2 1 2 4 1 2 4 3 2 1 2 4 2 0 1 2 3 3 3 2 0 1 2

4 2 2 1 1 2 4 2 1 2 4 2 1 1 2 4 2 1 4 4 2 1 1 2 1 2

3 1 2 4 2 1 2 1 1 2 3 2 3 3 2 0 1 1 2 3 3 2 3 2 1 3 2 1 1 2 4 1 2 1 2 3

1 2 1 4 2 2 1 0 1 2 4 2 2 1 1 2 4 2 1 2 4 1 4 2 4 2 2 1

The broom of Cowdenknaws.

Larghetto

0 0 2 0 1 0 1 2 0 3 0 1 1 2 1 0 4 2 1 2 1 3 0 1 1 2 4 2 1 3 0 1 2 1 0 2 0 2 2 1

0 1 0 1 0 2 1 2 1 0 2 0 3 0 1 1 2 1 2 4 2 2 4 3 0 1 2 2 4 2 1 0 2 1 0 3 1 0 4 1 0 1 3 2 2 1

20

I'll never leave thee.

Cantabile

0 1 2 4 2 1 0 1 2 3 4 1 2 1 0 1 0 0 1 2 4 2 1 0

1 2 3 1 4 1 2 1 0 1 0 3 2 1 2 3 1 2 3 2 1 4 2 4 2 4 2 1 x 1 x 1 2

4 2 4 2 3 4 2 3 1 0 1 2 3 1 4 1 2 1 0

The Braes of Ballenden.

Larghetto

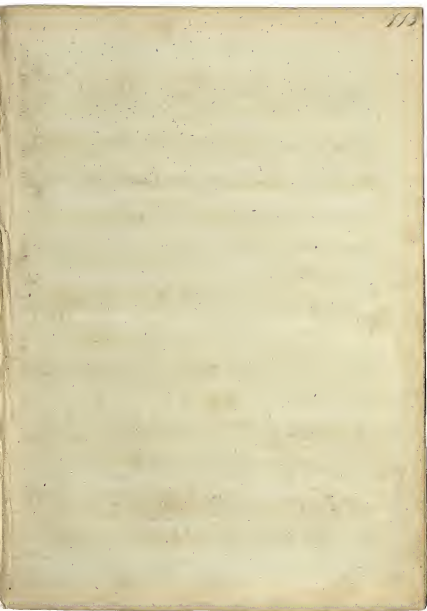
x 1 2 3 4 x 1 1 x 1 2 3 1 x 3 2 1 x 2 1 1 2 1 x 1 2

3 2 2 1 x 1 x 2 1 x 1 x 2 2 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3 2 1 3 2 1 3

2 1 x 1 2 3 x x 1 2 1 2 x 3 2 1 x 3 2 3 2 1 x 1 2 x x 1 2 3 2 1

x 1 x 2 1 2 3 2 1 2 3 2 1 1 2 1 3 0 x 1 2 3 x 1 1 x 2 1 x 1 x





114

# Moll in the Wad,

## A favorite **DIALOGUE** Sung at the Theatres in Dublin.

Price 6<sup>d</sup>

London Printed for Cabusac & Sons  
Musical Instrument Makers, 196, Strand  
& sold at Messrs. Lintons Music Warehouse, Bath.

CLUMP

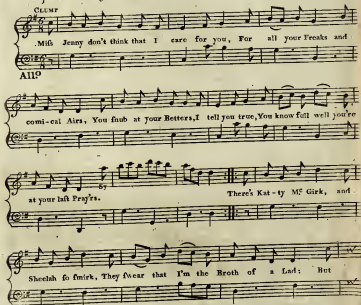
Miss Jenny don't think that I care for you, For all your Freaks and

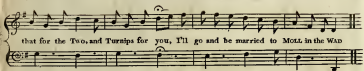
Allo

comi-cal Airs, You snub at your Betters, I tell you true, You know full well you're

at your last Pray'rs. There's Kat-ty Mc Girk, and

Sheelah so smirk, They swear that I'm the Broth of a Lad: But





JENNY. Pray don't be impudent, Master Clump,  
For all your Cobbling Kite and Gears;-  
I'll up with my Fist, and I'll give you a Thump,  
I'll smack your Face, and I'll box your Ears.  
Your Slippers and Shoes, and you I'd refuse,  
Was there no other Man to be had:  
To Mullin-a-hac be off in a Crack,  
And go to the Devil with MOLL in the WAD.

CLUMP. Farewell, Mrs. Jane, you'll rue the Day  
That you refused to butter your Bread.

JENNY. Remember your Last, poor Clump, I may  
Prepare your Sole, and twiddle your Thread!

CLUMP. Had I married you—(JENNY). Pray what would you do?

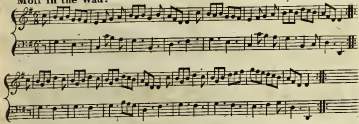
CLUMP. I'd made you a Mammy (JENNY). You'd ne'er been a Dad,  
Your Red full of Thorns, (CLUMP). My Head full of Horns.

JENNY. { You'd better be married to MOLL in the WAD.

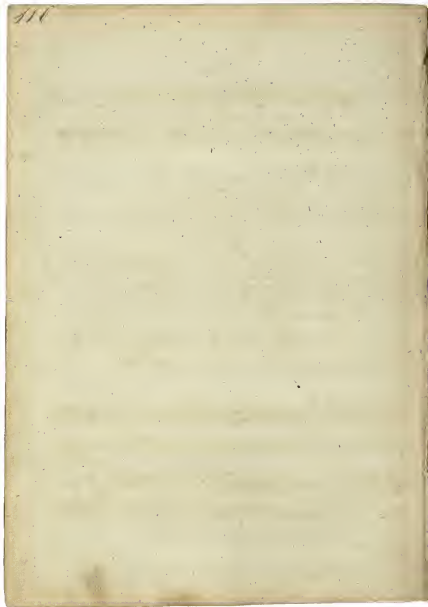
CLUMP. { I'll go and be married to MOLL in the WAD.

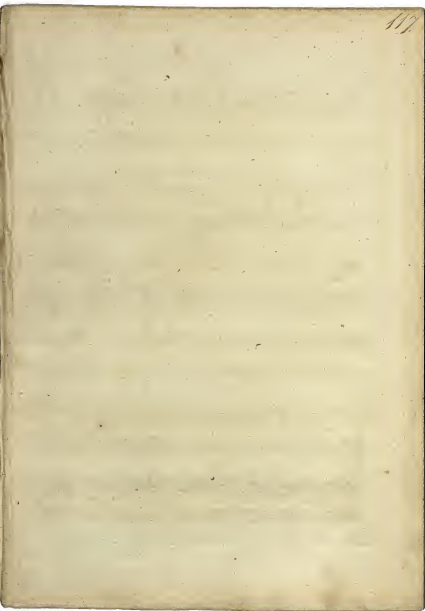
Moll in the Wad.

Country Dance.



First & 2d. Cu. set and Hands across = D<sup>o</sup> back again = Lead down the middle, and up again = Poufette with the top Cu. =





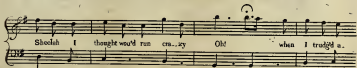
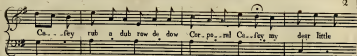
108.

# CORPORAL CASEY.

Price 6<sup>d</sup>

When I was at home I was  
mer...ry & fis...ky, my Dad kept a Pig & my mother sold whisky, my  
Un...cle was rich but woud no...ver be es...sly 'till I was in...lited by  
Cor...po...ral Ca...sey old rub a dub row de daw Cor...po...ral

The musical score is written on five systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a simple bass line in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff of each system. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system begins with the lyrics 'When I was at home I was'. The third system continues with 'mer...ry & fis...ky, my Dad kept a Pig & my mother sold whisky, my'. The fourth system continues with 'Un...cle was rich but woud no...ver be es...sly 'till I was in...lited by'. The fifth system concludes with 'Cor...po...ral Ca...sey old rub a dub row de daw Cor...po...ral'. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines.



## 2

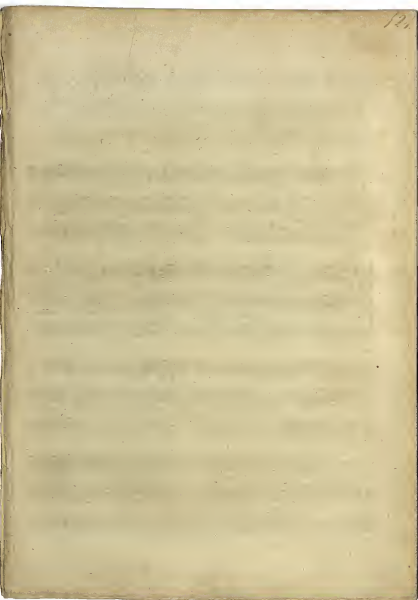
I march'd from Killcanny and as I was thinking  
 On Shedlah my Heart in my Bosom was sinking,  
 But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daisy,  
 For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey;  
 Ochl rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,  
     rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,  
 The — go with him, I ne'er could be easy,  
 He stuck in my skirts so, Old Corporal Casey.

## 3

We went into Battle, I took the blows fairly  
 That fell on my Fate but they bother'd me rarely,  
 And who should the first, be that dropt why an't please ye,  
 It was my good friend, Honest Corporal Casey;  
     rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,  
     rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,  
 Thinks I you are quiet & I shall be easy,  
 So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.







# in the Lake of Killarney

A Favorite Song Sung by M<sup>RS</sup> HAMILTON

Price /6

Voc. M<sup>l</sup>

Voc. F<sup>l</sup>

ONDO Allegretto

On the Lake of Killarney I first saw the Lad who with Song and with

Bagpipe could make my heart glad, On the Lake of Killarney I first saw the Lad who with

Song and with Bagpipe could make my heart glad. Sy

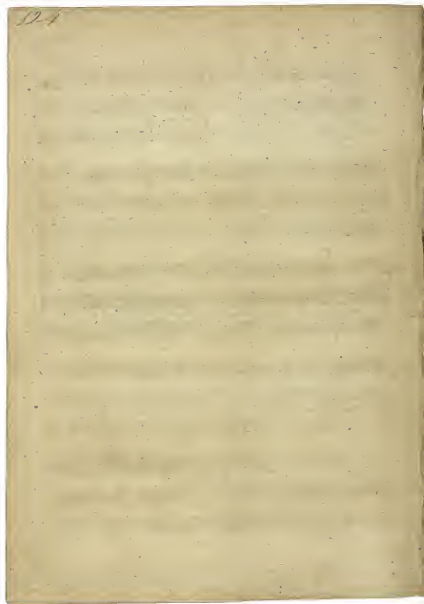
Fine And his hair was so red and his eyes were so bright oh they shone like the

Stars in a cold frosty night, so tall and so stout my dear paddy was from, oh he

look'd like the fairies that dance on the green, On the, All the Girls of Killarney were  
D.C.

green willow tree then first my dear Patrick long love tales to me Oh he sing and he danced

and he won my fond heart and to love has dear life with my own I will part, On the, Allegretto  
D.C. fin





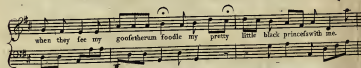
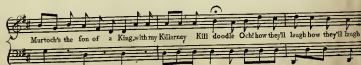
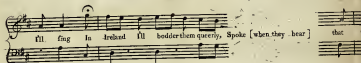
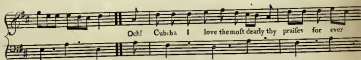
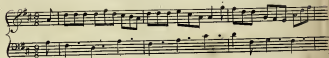
# Murtoch Dalaney

A Favorite Song  
Written & Sung by M.<sup>r</sup> Wilson.

**THEATRE ROYAL EDIN.<sup>R</sup>**

*In the Farce called the Irishman in London.*

Price 6<sup>d</sup>





2d

But now comes the cream of the joke Sir,  
 When my white, and black children you see,  
 Och! how the great folks will laugh Sir:  
 To see a black prince on my knee.

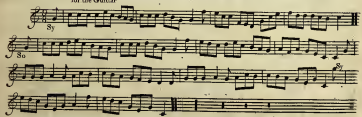
Spoken { Och! the pretty little tawny creter wee one  
 side of his face white and the other black, but  
 never heed it the mother will be partial to the  
 white side and the father to the black so between  
 us both the little pye ball'd creter will be taken care off.  
 with his killarney kill &c.  
 a pretty little black prince on my knee.

3d

In a chaise we will fall up to cark Sir,  
 With my dingy queen, full in my view;  
 As grand as the Dutch Duke of York Sir,  
 Who is gone, the french dogs to 'subdue.

Spoken { Och! to be sure he wont leather them—  
 till they are as black in the face  
 as yourself my little beauty spot  
 with his Killarney kill &c.  
 A pretty little black prince on my knee.

for the Guitar



A. Mackintosh, Sculp.

125



124  
In a Vale Far Remov'd

*A Favorite Song*

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM

At Vauxhall Gardens.

Composed by M<sup>r</sup>. Hook.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

Price 1<sup>s</sup>

LONDON.

Printed & sold at A. Bland & Weller's Music Warehouse, 23 Oxford Street.

The musical score is written on four staves. The first staff is for Flute, marked 'Flute' and 'ANDANTINO'. The second staff is for Piano, marked 'ANDANTINO'. The third staff is for Violin, marked 'p'. The fourth staff is for Bass, marked 'In a'. The music is in G major and 3/4 time. The score is arranged in two systems, with the first system containing the first two staves and the second system containing the last two staves. The music is written in a clear, legible hand, with notes and rests clearly defined. The paper is aged and slightly discolored, with some staining visible at the bottom.

Vale far removed from the noise of the town, in a Hamlet which smiling con-  
 tent call'd her own, there lives a fair Maid, more blooming and gay, than  
 Roses in June or the blossoms in May, she was lov'd by the Shepherd a-  
 dored by the Squire, who teaz'd her, and vex'd her, with love and desire, tho' they  
 follow'd and woo'd her, where-e-ver she'd go, her answer was always

8

no no no no no, her answer was al-ways no no no no no.

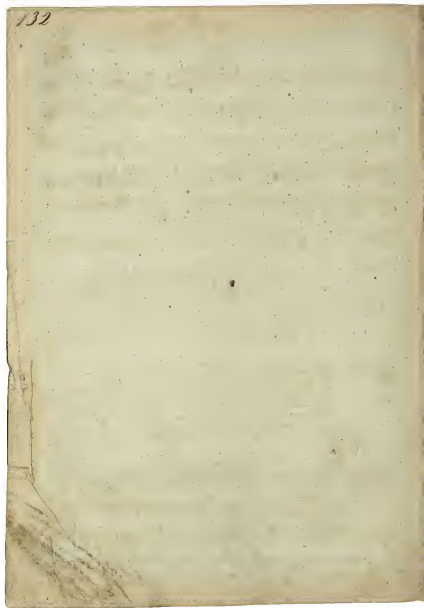
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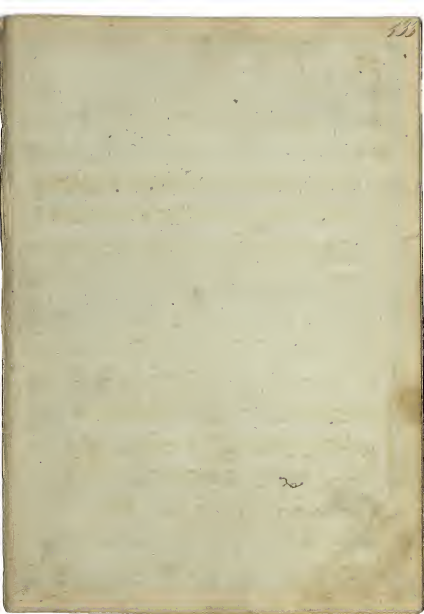
'Tis with extacy still I remember the day,  
 When I saw this dear maid crown'd Queen of the May,  
 Her eyes like the Sloe, her cheeks like the Rose,  
 With smiles that from Innocent pleasure arose;  
 While the shepherds hail'd ANNA the Queen of the May,  
 She listend to me and approv'd my fond lay,  
 When I ventur'd to beg to the dance she woud go,  
 She never once answer'd me, no no no no no.

3

Far distant I came, yet no farther I'll roam,  
 The dwelling of Love and fair ANNA's my home,  
 No Vale is so fragrant, no Maiden so fair,  
 No Lad is so happy such blefsings to share;  
 And when she's my bride, then how great my delight,  
 We'll join in the dance, in the song we'll unite,  
 In the morn with my fair one, to church will I go,  
 Nor fear that she'll answer me, no no no no no.

Andantino For the German Flute





134  
You're Welcome Dear Youth as the Flowers in May.

A Favorite Song.

Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> Franklin,  
at Vauxhall Gardens.

Composed by M<sup>r</sup> Hook.

Entire Stationer's Hall.

P. 6<sup>d</sup>

London Printed & sold at A. Bland & Weller's Music Warehouse 23 Oxford Street.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The piano part features a continuous eighth-note accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a single staff with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'Young WILL in his Holiday Suit came to woo, and he talkd to my Mother as' other Lads do, If your Daughter can like me, I'll make her my Wife, and love her and chear her all days in my life. My Mother at - ten - ded as other Dames do, when with love but no Money a lad comes to woo, but'. The score consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The final system ends with a double bar line.

Allegretto

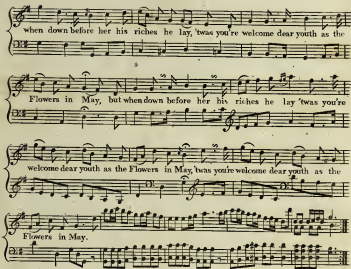
Young WILL in his Holiday Suit came to woo, and he

talkd to my Mother as' other Lads do, If your Daughter can like me, I'll

make her my Wife, and love her and chear her all days in my life.

My Mother at - ten - ded as

other Dames do, when with love but no Money a lad comes to woo, but

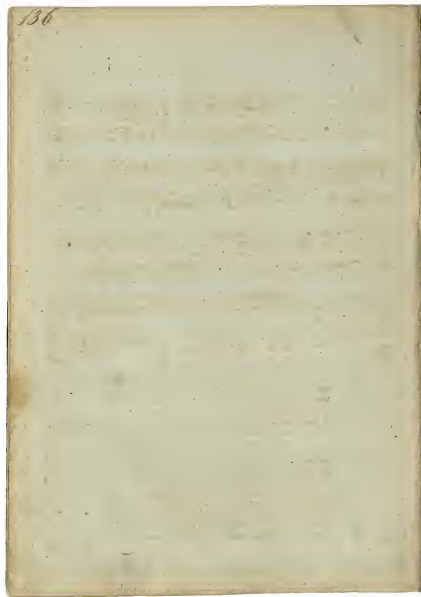


2

My Father was told of the wealth he possest,  
 For of all his acquirements his riches were best,  
 When spent cry'd my Father, pray what will you do,  
 With children to squall, and your wife grown a shrew;  
 I can work says young WILL for my children and wife,  
 And my Love shall prevent all scolding and strife,  
 I'll give you my Daughter and wed her to day,  
 You're as welcome dear youth as the Flowers in May.

3

My Mother's fond wishes were gain'd by his store,  
 My Father's by promising still to gain more,  
 The bloom on his cheek, and the glance of his eye,  
 Had taught me 'twas right with their wish to comply;  
 I promis'd tomorrow should see me his bride,  
 Presid by duty and beauty, who could have deny'd,  
 When a Kiss he then sued for I could but obey,  
 'Twas you're welcome dear youth as the Flowers in May.





131

## THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE

*A Favorite Song*

*Sung by M.<sup>rs</sup> Mountain,  
Atauxhall Gardens*  
COMPOSED BY M<sup>r</sup>. HOOK.

*Entered at Stationers Hall.**Price 1<sup>d</sup>.**The Words by M. Upton.*

L O N D O N

*Printed & sold at ABland & Willers's Music Warehouse 23 Bedford Street.*

Vivace

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of six systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction marked 'Vivace'. The second system continues the instrumental introduction. The third system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics 'WILLY af...ter court'ing long, married me on Sun...day,'. The fourth system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'All that day I held my tongue, but scolded him on Mon...day.' The fifth system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Tuesday I grew dull and sad, Wednesday pass'd in'. The sixth system continues the vocal melody. The piano accompaniment consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a continuous eighth-note pattern in the left hand.

scor-ning, Thursday drove me raving mad, but Fri-day what a  
 morning. till at length that balm of life, mo-ney brought a  
 better day. so we lov'd like Man and Wife. so we lov'd like  
 Man and Wife, Kissing sweet on Saturday, Kissing sweet on  
 Saturday.

2

WILLY next began the week,  
 Tippling all the Sunday,  
 Therefore I provok'd to speak,  
 Did scold him well on Monday,  
 Tuesday call'd him drunken sot,  
 Wednesday lubber lazy,  
 Thursday having mended not,  
 Why Friday made me crazy,  
 Tho' I hop'd the Fool would think,  
 Wiser on the latter day,  
 Not a sou for meat or drink,  
 Earnt he on the Saturday.

3

What was proper to be done,  
 Every future Sunday,  
 For 'twas plain I first begun,  
 Wrong upon the Monday,  
 Tuesday then I calmer seem'd,  
 Wedn'day was indulgent,  
 Thursday peace and comfort beam'd,  
 And Friday shone refulgent,  
 Chacing thus corroding strife,  
 Every day's a better day,  
 Joy and pleasure luming life,  
 From Saturday to Saturday.

FLUTE or GUITAR

Vivace

WILLY af-ter court-ing long, Mar-ried me on Sun-day,  
All that day I held my Tongue, but scolded him on Monday,  
Tuesday I grew dull and sad, Wednesday pass'd in  
scur-ning, Thursday drove me raving mad, but Friday what a  
morning, 'till at length that balm of life, money brought a  
better day, so we lov'd like Man and Wife, so we lov'd like  
Man and Wife, kissing sweet on Sa-turday. kissing sweet on  
Saturday.

Wp.1

# A SALT EEL FOR MYNHEER,

written & composed  
by  
*Mr Diddin?*

and Sung by him  
in his New Entertainment  
called

## THE SPHINX.

*London, Printed & sold by the Author, at his Music Warehouse, No. 1, Leicester Place, Leicester Square. P. 1<sup>st</sup>*

Allegro

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The music is written in a lively, rhythmic style.

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The music is written in a lively, rhythmic style.

Why Jack my fine fellow here's glorious news, Lord

The third system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The music is written in a lively, rhythmic style.

I could have told em as much, That the Devil himself durst not stand in their shoes, If

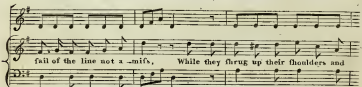
*W. Diddin*



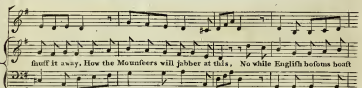
Duncan fell in with the Dutch, What heart in the Kingdom can now feel dismay, Nine



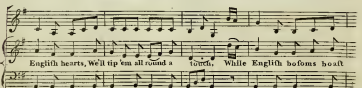
fall of the line not amiss, What heart in the Kingdom can now feel dismay, Nine



fall of the line not a miss, While they shrug up their shoulders and



stuff it away, How the Mounseers will jabber at this, No while English bosoms boast



English hearts, We'll tip 'em all round a touch, While English bosoms boast

English hearts, We'll tip 'em all round a touch, While with ardour each starts that

nothing can quench, We'll hang the Spaniards, he labour the Dutch,

hang the Spaniards, he labour the Dutch, And block up and laugh at the

French, We'll hang the Spaniards, he labour the Dutch, And block up and laugh at the

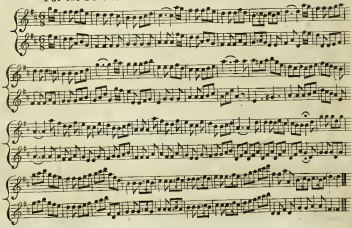
French.

Now the French, while in harbour so snug, and so dry,  
Bout their courage they make a fine rout;  
If they'd have the whole world not believe it a lie,  
Then, damme why don't they come out!  
Because, though they brag that so boldly they feel,  
They are all of them trembling for fear  
From Lord Bridport they get such another salt eel,  
As Brave Duncan prepar'd for Mynheer. For while &c:

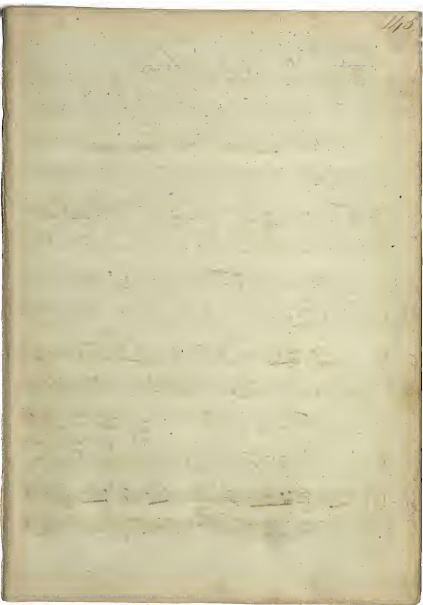
Let French, Spanish, and Dutch lay together their heads,  
And of beating the English brag,  
That they'll fall up the Thames, take us all in our beds,  
And hoist on the Tower their flag;  
"Oul, oul," cries Mounseer, "Si Signor," says the Don,  
Mynheer smokes his pipe and cries, "Yaw"  
But when Jervis, or Duncan, or Bridport come on,  
They are damnably sick in the crew. No while &c:

Your true honest maxim I've heard 'em commend  
Is the nation you live in to sing;  
Where your property, children, your wife, and your friend  
Are the care of your father the King.  
The man then, so blest, who disseminates strife,  
Deserves while he sinks in disgrace,  
Neither King to protect him, to love him a wife,  
Nor children to smile in his face. No while &c:

For two Flutes.







# Corrydon

A Favorite Song. — Innocent Love crowned with Success.

Sold at J. BRYSSON'S Music Shop EDINB.

Pr. 6

Sheep, all in closters, crept close to the Grove, to hide from the  
 rigour of Day; And Phillis her self, amongst Woodbine a core, in  
 midst of fresh Vi-o-lets by. A Lambkin it seems that, had stray'd from its den, twist  
 Cu-pid, and Hymen, a plot: young Corry-don thought, as he search'd for his Lambs, to ar-  
 -rive at the Cri-ti-cal spot, to a- -rive at the cri-ti-cal spot.



(2)

As through the sweet hedge, for his Lambkins he peep't,  
He spy'd the dear maid, with surprise;  
Ye Nymphs, e'er so killing, he cry'd as he leapt;  
I'm lost, if she open her eyes,  
To tarry much longer, would hazard my Heart,  
I love, for my Lambkins to trace;  
In vain then does Corrydon, strive to depart,  
For Love, had him nail'd to the place.  
For Love, had him nail'd to the place.

(3)

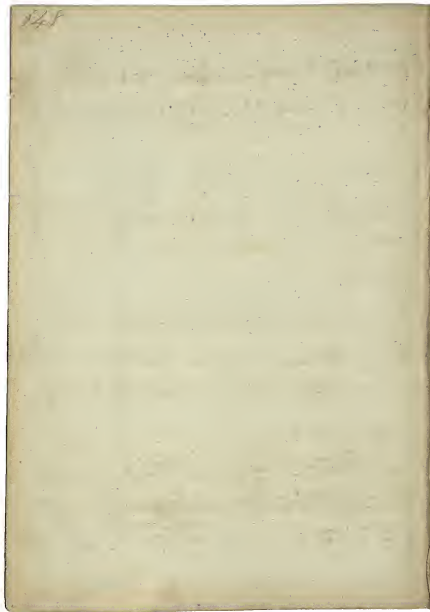
Hush, hush, be these Birds, what a chirping you make,  
Sere, sure, your too loud on the spray;  
Don't you see? foolish Lark, that thy Charmer's a sleep,  
You'll wake her, as sure as its day.  
How darts the fond Butterfly, touch the dear maid;  
Her cheek, she mistakes for a Rose,  
I would put it to death, if I were not afraid,  
My boldness, would break her repose.  
My boldness, would break her repose.

(4)

Young Philis, look'd up, with a languishing smile,  
Kind Shepherd she said, you mistake;  
I laid my self down, for to rest me a while,  
But trust me, I've long been awake.  
The Shepherd, took courage, advanc'd with a bow,  
And set himself down by her side;  
He manag'd the matter, I cannot tell how,  
But yesterday, made her his Bride.  
But yesterday, made her his Bride.

For the German Flute.





# THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL

*written & composed by*  
*W. Giblin*

and Sung by him

*in His*

*new entertainment called*

## WILL OF THE WISP.

*P. 1.*

*London Printed & Sold by the Author at his Music Warehouse  
 Leicester Place, Leicester Square.*

Andantino

*W. Giblin*

Two soft me - ri - dion half past four, By signal I from Nancy parted At six she  
 lin - ger'd on the shore With uplift hands and broken hearted, At seven while mourning the fore  
 - day, I saw her faint or else 'twas fancy At eight we all got under weigh And hid a  
 long a - dieu to Nancy.

2

Night came and, now eight bells had rung,  
While careless Sailors, ever cheery,  
On the mid watch so jovial sang,  
With tempers labour cannot weary;

Little to their mirth inclined,  
While tender thoughts rushed on my fancy,  
And my warm sighs increased the wind,  
Looked on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

3

And now arrived that jovial night  
When every true bred tar carouses,  
When o'er the grog, all hands delight  
To toast their sweethearts and their spouses:

Round went the can, the jest the glee,  
While tender wishes filled each fancy  
And when, in turn, it came to me,  
I heard a sigh, and toasted Nancy

4

Next morn a storm came on at four,  
At six, the elements in motion  
Plunged me and three good Sailors more  
Headlong within the foaming ocean;

Poor wretches! they soon found their graves,  
For me, it may be only fancy,  
But love seemed to forbid the waves  
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

5

Scarce the foul hurricane was cleared,  
Scarce winds and waves had ceased to rattle,  
When a bold Enemy appeared,  
And, doubtless, we prepared for battle;

And now, while some loved friend or wife,  
Like lightning, rushed on every fancy;  
To providence I trusted life,  
Put up a prayer, and thought on Nancy

6

At last 'twas in the month of May,  
The crew, it being lovely weather,  
At three, A. M. discovered day  
And England's chalky cliffs together;

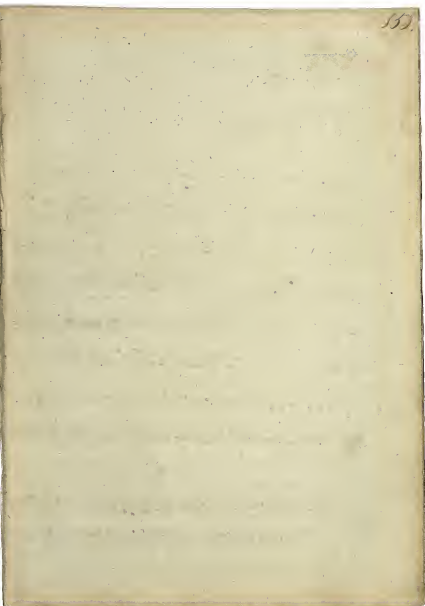
At seven up channel how we bore  
While hopes and fears rushed on my fancy,  
At twelve I gaily jumped ashore  
And to my throbbing heart pressed Nancy.

For two Flutes.









# All in the Downs or Sweet William's Farewell To Black Ey'd Susan

Harmoniz'd by F. IRELAND.

Price /6

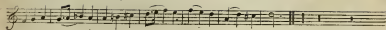
All in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd; the Streamers voy- ing  
All in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd, the Streamers voy- ing

in the Wind; when blackey'd Susan came on board, O where shall  
in the Wind; when black- ey'd Susan came on board, O where shall

I my true love find? tell me ye jovial Sail- ora tell me true?  
I my true love find? tell me ye jovial Sail- ora tell me true?

does my sweet William does my sweet William fail a- mong your Crew?  
does my sweet William does my sweet William fail a- mong your Crew?

M<sup>r</sup> Leveridge's Tune.



(2)

William who high upon the yard,  
 Ruck'd with the Billows to and fro,  
 Soon as her well known voice he heard  
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below:  
 The Cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing bands,  
 And quick as Lightning on the Deck he stands.

(3)

So the sweet Lark high poisd in Air,  
 Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast,  
 (If chance his Mates shrill call he hear)  
 And drops at once into her Nest.  
 The Noblest Captain in the British Fleet,  
 Might envy William's Lips those Kisses sweet.

(4)

O Sufan, Sufan Lovely Dear  
 My vows shall ever true remain;  
 Let me kiss off that falling Tear  
 We only part to meet again,  
 Change as ye Eft, ye winds my heart shall be  
 The Sunfall Compass that still points to thee.

(5)

The Boatwain gave the dreadful word,  
 The sails their Swelling Bosom spread,  
 No longer mast She stey aboard;  
 They Kiss'd, She sigh'd, He hung his Head.  
 Her legs'long Boat, unwilling rows to Land;  
 Adieu, she cries, and wai'd her Lilly Hand.

(6)

Believe not what the Land men say,  
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,  
 They'll tell thee Sailors when away  
 In every Port a Mistress find.  
 Yea, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
 For thou art present where'er I go.

(6)

If to far India Coast we sail,  
 Thy Eyes are seen in Diamonds bright,  
 Thy Breath is Africk's spicy Gale,  
 Thy Skin is Ivory so white  
 Thus every beauteous Object that I view,  
 Wakes in my soul some Charms of Lovely Suf.

(7)

Though Battle calls me from thy Arms,  
 Let not my pretty Sufan moorn;  
 Though Canons roar, yet safe from harms,  
 William shall to his Dear return.  
 Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly  
 Let precious Tears should drop from Sufan's Eye.

For the Guitar or German Flute.

All in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd, the Steamers way - ing in  
 wind, when black ey'd Sa - fan came on board, O where shall I my true love  
 find? tell me ye jo - vial Sail - ors shall me true? does my sweet William  
 still my sweet William sail a - mong our Crew?

Printed for J. B. G. 11 St. Sep.



# THE STORM

*A Favorite Song, as Sung by*

*Mr. Incledon*

at the

Theatre Royal Drury Lane,

and at Freemasons Hall London

*With universal Applause.*

*Harmonized (exactly in the Manner it's Sung)*

by

**MR F. LINLEY.**

Entered in Stationers' Hall

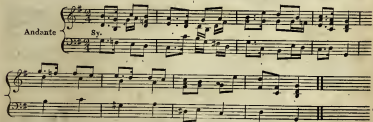
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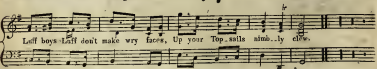
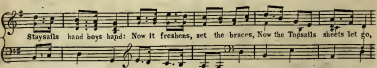
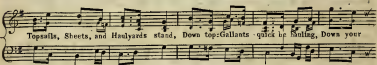
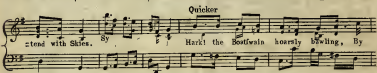
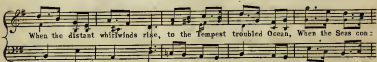
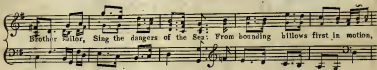
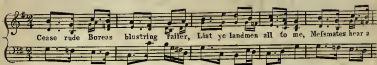
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Andante

Sy.





Now all you on down Beds sporting,  
Fondly lock'd in Beautys arms,  
Fresh enjoyment, Wanton, Courting,  
Safe from all but Loves alarms;  
Around us roars the Tempest louder,  
Think what fears our Minds enthrall,  
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,  
Now again the Bosen'calls:  
The Topsail yards point to the wind Boys,  
See all clear to reef each course,  
Let the fore Sheet go, dont mind Boys,  
Tho the weather should be worse;  
Fore and aft the Spritsail yard get,  
Reef the Mizzen, see all clear,  
Hands up, each preventure Brace set,  
Mann the Foreyard Chear lads Chear.

3

Now the dreadful Thunder's roaring,  
Peal on peal contending clash,  
On our heads fierce Rala is pouring,  
In our eyes blue Lightnings flash;  
One wide water all around us,  
All above us one black Sky,  
Different Deaths at once surround us,  
Hark! what means that dreadful cry:  
The Foremast's gone, crys every tongue out,  
O'er the lee twelve feet 'bove deck,  
A leak beneath the Chesttree's sprung out,  
Call all Hands to clear the wreck;  
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,  
Come my Hearts be stont and hold,  
Plumb the well, the leak increases,  
Four foot water in the Hold.

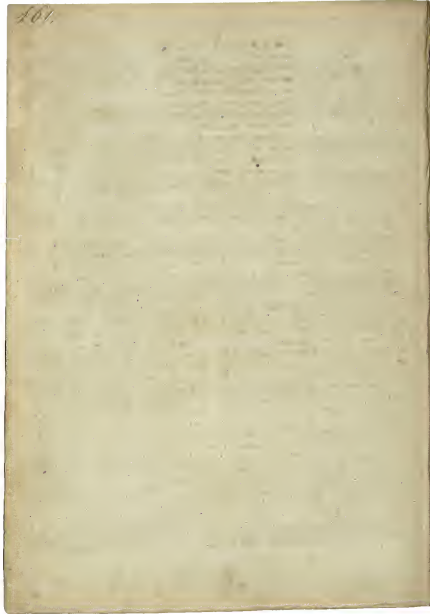
4

While o'er the Ship, wild waves are beating,  
We for Wives and Children mourn,  
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,  
Alas! to Them there's no return;  
Still the leak is gaining on us,  
Both Chain-pumps are choak'd below,  
Heav'n have Mercy here upon us,  
Only He can Save us now:  
O'er the Lee-beam is the Land boys,  
Let the Guns o'er board be thrown,  
To the pump come every hand boys,  
See our Mizzen-mast is gone;  
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,  
We've lighten'd Her a foot and more,  
Up and rigg a Jury fore-mast,  
She rights, She rights, Boys we'r off Shore:

5

(The following Verse is repeated only from the Quick part)

Now once more on Joys we're thinking,  
Since kind Fortune sav'd our lives,  
Come the Cann boys, let's be Drinking,  
To our Sweethearts and our Wives;  
Fill it up, about Ship wheel it,  
Close to Lips a Brimmer join,  
Where's the Tempest! now, who feels it,  
None, our Danger's drown'd in Wine.







# The Adieu OF LOUIS XVI KING OF FRANCE

Or his last Thoughts Adapted to a new Air in the Style of Mary Queen of  
Scotland's Lament,

The Verses and Air by the Author of "Entertaining Strictures on Polit.  
ical Philosophy. or the Country Patriot" (N<sup>o</sup> 1 & 2) And the  
Symphony and under part By

*M<sup>r</sup> Watlen*

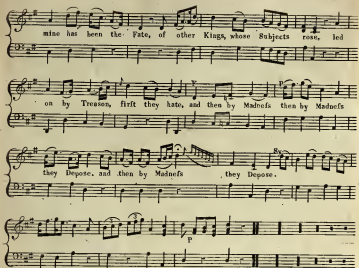
Price 6<sup>d</sup>.

Edin<sup>g</sup> Printed by J Watlen 34 North Bridge Street, Where may be had. God Save  
the King with Var<sup>s</sup> 1<sup>s</sup>. Circus Music 6<sup>s</sup>. Elegance a new Minuet 1<sup>s</sup>. Yarrow Vale 6<sup>d</sup>.  
Piano Fortes sold or Lent out on hire. Tuned Kc. Sc. Sc.

Slow  
&  
Plaintive

The' Traitors call  
me to my doom, I, andismay'd, dare meet my end: Nor shall Death's sad  
and awfull Gloom, e'er make me from a King descend. what now is

Detailed description: The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo/style markings are 'Slow' and '& Plaintive'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system ends with a repeat sign. The third system ends with a double bar line.



(2)

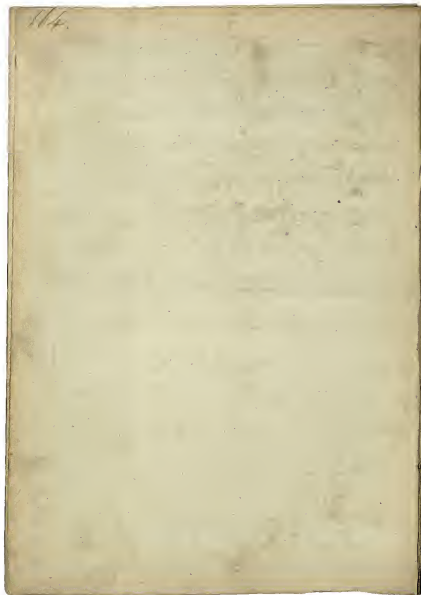
Adieu to all who e'er were dear!  
My Queen, my family, adieu!  
When once dethron'd I'd ought to fear,  
But what I still do fear for you.  
May Heav'n, that suffer'd us to fall,  
Give peace of mind, when I am gone,  
To you, who've seen what wife men call  
The transient glories of a crown.

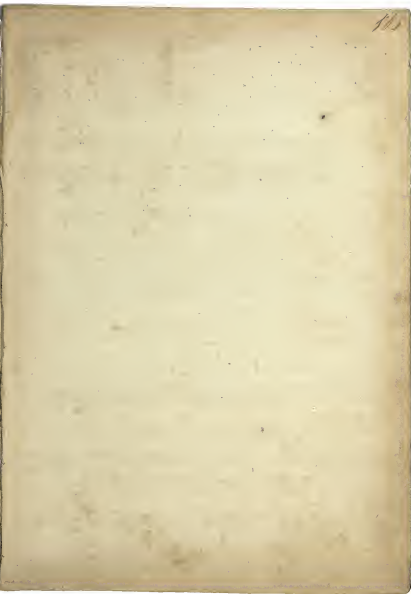
(3)

But, hark! they call, and now I go,  
To meet once more my People's eyes,  
Who never found their Prince a foe,  
Though by their treason LOUIS dies.  
My wish to bless them, and forgive,  
Is harr'd by bold rebellious men,  
Whose crimes can no more proofs receive,  
Ah! may my murder close this scene!

NS. The Guitar for reads one note below (the Key. Ch.)

G. Walker Sculp<sup>t</sup>





111

# THE QUEEN OF FRANCE'S LAMENTATION.

✱ Suppos'd to have been Written by herself, the Night before her Suffering.

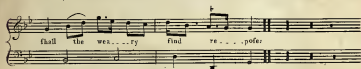
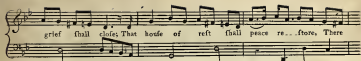
Price. \_\_\_\_\_ 6d

Affectuoso

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is characterized by a slow, mournful pace with many half and full notes, and some triplet markings. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score consists of four systems of music.

To bid the world a long fare well, To  
Sink in Death's uncer-tain Sleep, Why does the heart with  
ter-ror Swell? Why do their eyes for Sorrow weep? In  
that same mo-ment thou - sands more their round of toil and

*Alfred's Script*



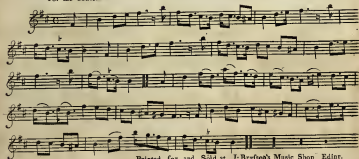
2

For thee, affliction's mournful child,  
By many a frown'd feature known,  
Death beckons with an aspect mild,  
And points to a celestial throne;  
For there no more th' accusing fiend  
Shall hiss its venom'd slander round,  
But seraphs from their glory bend,  
To footstools with harps of silver sound.

3

Then, unfeeb'd, my soul shall dare  
What more of horrors yet remains:  
For the last pang my foes prepare  
Shall give my widow'd lord again—  
Not unfeeb'd— for, for a while to leave  
My orphans—victims of their rage!  
My latest prayer, O heaven receive!  
O shield from wrong their helpless age!

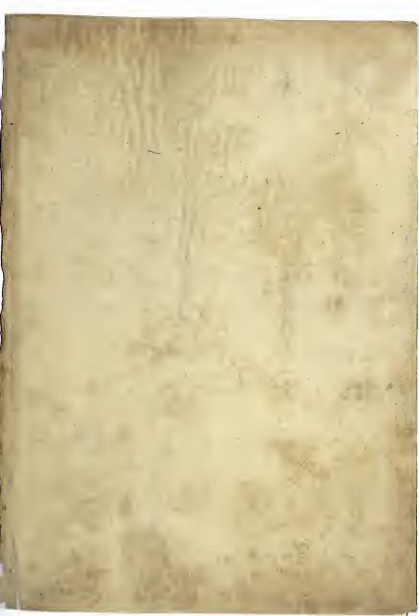
For the Flute.



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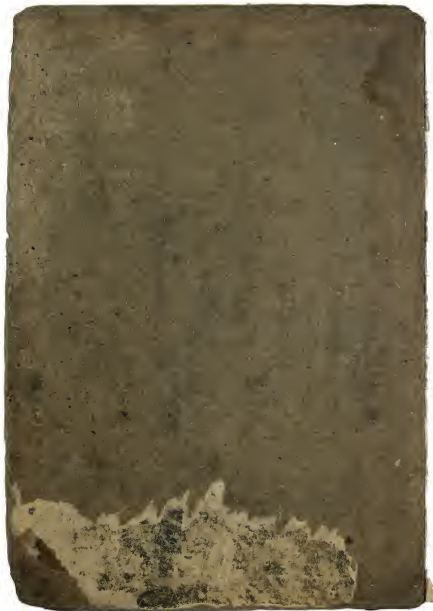












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